

THE LIVING AGE.

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Sorry that we cannot go so far out of our line as to copy from the *Knickerbocker* for July the leading article, from which our correspondent has derived so much advantage. We have read it with interest. It is on the Movement Cure; the curative effects of special bodily exercise. It is, we see, by our friend Mr. Henry C. Williston, one of whose California articles was copied into *The Living Age* from an English Magazine. Mr. W. when we saw him last, ten or fifteen years ago, was in full health and vigor; but we can hardly entirely regret a change which has given occasion for so much fortitude and perseverance.

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THE ITINERANT'S WIFE.

BY AN ITINERANT'S DAUGHTER.

SHE is her gray-haired father's pride,
 She is her mother's surest stay :
 One stands and whispers by her side
 "Will you leave these and come away?
 Lo! East and West and South and North
 The fields all white and ready lie,
 Waiting the laborers coming forth
 To reap for immortality.
 My Lord bids me a reaper be ;
 Will you go forth and work with me?"

She giveth him her heart and hand,
 She strengtheneth her soul with prayer,
 Leaveth for aye that household band
 To tread a path of toil and care.
 She layeth by her girlish ways,
 Her new life awes her with its weight
 Of earnestness ; "O Christ," she prays,
 "Help me to honor my estate."
 She lives a pure, devoted life
 The young itinerant's noble wife.

They wander here, they wander there ;
 They find no sure abiding-place ;
 God gives a people to their care,
 They tarry for a little space.
 She sees the seeds of friendship grow
 To firm-laced vines in kindly soils ;
 The summer comes—"Arise, and go!"
 She looseneth the clinging coils,
 And forth again doth sadly roam
 To find another transient home.

These early years with hope are bright,
 Her heart with zeal and love is warm ;
 Her hands are strong, her step is light,
 And lithe and buoyant is her form.
 Her household is in order found,
 The most exacting call it good ;
 She visits all the circuit round,
 Just as the pastor's helpmeet should ;
 Her footsteps linger by the door
 Where dwell the suffering and the poor.

Time glideth by on swiftest wings ;
 She bears the name of mother now ;
 Deep joy unto her heart it brings,
 But lines of care unto her brow.
 For wants are many, income small,
 And given oft with poorest grace ;
 Her children must be fitted all
 To fill in life an honored place ;
 She layeth self aside for this,
 And counteth sacrifice as bliss.

Death ent'reth now and then the door ;
 Small, busy hands grow strangely still ;
 Small feet no longer tread the floor,
 Small forms lie stretched out white and chill.
 The mother weepeth by the clay,
 The father stands with bowing head,

And unto pitying friends doth say,
 "Give us where we may lay our dead."
 Small graves far, far apart are found
 Upon a wide, wide burial ground.

Still swiftly on the years do go ;
 Her heart with zeal and love is warm ;
 Her hands are weak, her step is slow,
 And thin and nerveless is her form.
 Her people seldom see her face,
 She does not visit anywhere ;
 They wonder that so oft her place
 Is vacant in the house of prayer.
 They think not of her many cares,
 Nor all the weight of pain she bears.

Thus, day by day, her duties grow
 More heavy, but her strength is gone ;
 But that the others may not know,
 She meekly toileth on and on,
 Till strangers take the work away,
 And let the weary fingers rest ;
 They fold the hands grown cold as clay,
 And lay them on her quiet breast ;
 There falls a silence over all,
 There comes the shadow of the pall.

Her years the bell rings on the air,
 We wonder they so soon are told,
 For there was silver in her hair,
 And we had thought that she was old.
 We say, "'Tis well that she hath died,
 For she was weak and frail at best ;
 He soon will find another bride,
 One of more zeal and strength possessed."
 We speak with dry and careless tone,
 He and his children grieve alone.

They, standing on the hither shore
 Of that dark stream that onward rolls,
 With ceaseless flow and sullen roar,
 Unto the shadowy land of souls,
 Watch where her life-boat went across,
 And though they feel that she is blest,
 They struggle with a sense of loss,
 And long to follow her to rest ;
 Then hide their loneliness and pain,
 And turn them to their toil again.

She, standing on the farther shore,
 Greeteth her loved ones on the strand
 Who went across the stream before :
 She takes her children by the hand,
 And in the light of God's white throne,
 Reads her life-pages, one by one.
 Reading with vision clear, doth find
 That what she had not understood—
 What here seemed ill and strange and blind—
 Hath wrought out everlasting good :
 Thus happy, blessed for evermore
 She waits upon the farther shore.

—*Methodist Advocate and Journal.*

From The Dublin University Magazine.
THE SCIENCE AND TRADITIONS OF THE
SUPERNATURAL.

MAGIC, SORCERY, AND WITCHCRAFT.

THE wide and full view of nature and its operations enjoyed by our first parents was probably much contracted after their fall, and only descended in a fragmentary manner to their posterity. After the flood, this treasure, diminished and broken up, was far from being common property to the sons of the children of Noah. It remained in greatest fulness among the heads of families of the descent of Heber; and, when idolatry began to prevail, it continued in an inferior and perverted form among the Assyrian and Egyptian priests. Among them were known, or believed to be known, all means by which knowledge of present and future things, and of the cure of diseases, could be innocently obtained, or evilly wrung from spiritual powers. This knowledge got in time the name of magic, for which different derivations have been given. "Priestly knowledge" is probably the best equivalent. When any one gifted with a portion of this science chose to exert it for the mere attainment of power or temporal possessions, or for the destruction or harm of others, he was looked on as a malignant sorcerer or witch would be in modern times. Sir Edward Bulwer, who has made magic, in its use and abuse, his particular study, has well individualized the higher class of sages in the noble-minded *Zanoni*, and the evil-disposed professors in *Arbaces*, priest of Isis, and the poison-concocting witch of Vesuvius.

There were at all times individuals tormented with a desire to penetrate the designs of Providence, the cause and mode of natural processes ever before their eyes, the dark mysteries of life, and of the union of mind and matter, and they ardently longed that these deep and inexplicable arcana should become intelligible to their intellect.

These classes of men saw within the range of their mental and bodily faculties no means of gratifying their wishes. Unblessed with patience or acquiescence in the Divine Will, or faith in the power, or confidence in the goodness of the Creator, they determined on devising some means to oblige those beings whose presence cannot be detected by bodily organs, to be their guides through the labyrinth which they never should have thought

of entering. From Zoroaster to the man who subjects household furniture to sleight-of-hand tricks, all professors and disciples of forbidden arts are obnoxious to be ranged in one of these categories.

It would take us out of our way to examine the various processes through which the clear insight, accorded to our first parents of the relation in which all creatures stand to the Creator, passed in degenerating to the worship of created things, human passions, the functions of nature, and the souls of departed heroes. It is merely requisite for our purpose to say that the heavenly bodies, so mysterious in their unapproachableness, and in their motions, and the undoubted influence of the apparently largest two on the condition of the parent earth, became chief objects of adoration. The prolific earth, which appeared to give birth to all living beings, to furnish them with food, and all things essential to their existence, and in whose bosom all seek their final rest, was the loved, the genial *Alma Mater*. Her handmaidens, the subtle and (as was supposed) simple elements, the water, the fire, and the air, came in for their measure of worship. The original notion of the heavenly messengers and guardian angels became deteriorated in time to that of dæmons or genii. Our modern verse-makers, when mentioning the genius of Rome, the genius of Cæsar, etc., scarcely reflect that what to them is a mere poetic image, was an existing, potent being to the contemporaries of the Tarquinii, the Fabii, and the Julian family.

As has been observed, nothing evil was necessarily connected with the word *magic*. The Persian Magi were well qualified to rule their subjects by their superior attainments in science. They sacrificed to the gods; they consulted them on their own affairs, but particularly as to the issue of events pregnant with the weal or woe of their people. The Egyptian priests were depositories of all the knowledge that had survived the dispersion at Babel in a fragmentary form. Both priests and Magi had recourse to rites in presence of the people for the foreknowledge of future events. This, in fact, formed a portion of the state religion; but an acquaintance with more recondite and solemn ceremonies, which they practised in secret, was carefully kept from the commonalty.

While the Greeks and Romans paid divine honors to Jupiter and Juno, or their doubles,

Zeus and Héré, and the other divinities, great and less great, some tradition of the primeval truth held its ground among the more intelligent, and the existence of a Supreme Ruler was acknowledged. With some Destiny was chief ruler, and an uneasy feeling was abroad that Jove would be deprived of power some day. It was the same in the Scandinavian mythology. The giants and the wolf Fenris were to prevail against the Æsir, though themselves were, in turn, to perish also, and after this twilight of the gods, the world was to be renewed under the sway of the All-Father.

Nearly everything in the mythologies was a corruption, or a distortion, or shadow of some primeval revelation or religious ceremonial, or commandment solemnly given.

The dread inhabitants of Jotunheim, though inferior to Odin and his family in Asgard, were an enduring trouble to them, especially as they were aware of the dreadful strife when the horrible twilight was to come. This had a parallel in the Grecian mythology. The Titans, though subdued and bound, could not be destroyed: and Prometheus, suffering tortures on his rock, was less in awe of Zeus than Zeus was of him. These views, both Grecian and Scandinavian, were the remains of early traditions of truths debased and disfigured. The powers of evil were permitted to exert their forces to contravene the designs of Providence in reference to the human race. Towards the end of the world their baleful energies will be exerted with their fullest force, but to be finally crushed; and then God's kingdom will indeed come, and all, except the thoroughly reprobate, will have no will but his.

Etherealized beings as they were, the gods might perhaps be happy in Olympus feasting on their nectar and ambrosia; but for their own meagre, shivering shades, once this life was past, they expected but a chill, comfortless existence. A long life on the warm, genial bosom of mother Earth formed their most cherished wish, and the spiritual beings that ruled the air, the earth, and hades, were invoked and questioned as to the future earthly well and woe of the consulters.

What a disheartening picture is given in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* of the existence after death, and of the gloomy rites performed by Odysseus in order to know his own future fortunes. He leaves the abode of

the goddess Circe, who can do nothing better than direct him to sail to the confines of Orcus, situate on the outer rim of the earth-encircling ocean stream, and consult the shade of the blind Seer Tiresias. He arrives at the gloomy beach that never basked in the warm light of the sun, scoops an ell-wide trench, pours into it milk, honey, water, wine, and meal, and last, the blood of the black ewe and ram given him by the enchantress. No sooner has the blood been poured in than the poor spectres of the mighty dead—hungry and wan—crowd round the pit to drink the blood. The sage warrior's heart aches when the shade of his revered mother presses forward, impelled by hunger, and all ignorant and regardless of the presence of her unhappy son. Oh, stern destiny! he knows her well enough, but is forced to keep her off at the sword's point till Tiresias has satisfied his thirst in the sacrificial gore. Then after learning the destiny of his house, he may permit the poor maternal shade to come and satisfy her unnatural appetite.

This may be said to be the earliest account of a necromantic rite, which was not, however, practicable in ordinary cases. If the body had not obtained sepulchral rites, the poor, shivering soul could not cross the Styx, and perhaps it might avail itself of the opportunity to appal some late relative by its ghastly presence, exhort him to collect its mortal relics, burn them, move three times round the pyre, and pronounce the farewell charm which privileged the poor shade to cross in Charon's cranky cockle-shell, and enjoy the sad comforts of Elysium. Once there, the shade was deaf to the voices of all mortal charmers,* and the curious inquirer into futurity either consulted an oracle, or employed the legal trafficker in omens, or made solemn perquisitions to the evil or good genius who was born at the same moment, and would at the same moment perish with him. The system of paganism, being based in error could not be expected to be consistent. Whatever the Grecian poets might think concerning the state of the separated souls, their

* There were exceptions, however, to this general rule. Some terrible adepts in magic incantations were even powerful enough to draw down dread Hecate from her sphere; nay the *Dii Majores* themselves were obnoxious to their hellish charms. In the Hindoo mythology such power could be obtained by severe penances. Witness Southey's *Ke-hama*.

Roman brethren would persist in considering the spirits of the good as taking interests in the weal of their native cities or their own surviving families. They hovered unseen near the family hearths, and were believed to dwell in the little images, the Lares, which were placed near the kitchen fires. These loved and revered little images resembled monkeys rather than men. They were appropriately clad in the skins of the dog, the faithful house-guard, and their festivals were held in the genial month sacred to Maia. The souls of wicked men, the Larvæ or Lemures, employed themselves on the other hand in working evil to their survivors, whose lot they envied. They received a kind of worship arising from fear. They were besought not to work harm to the house nor its inmates, but to be their defence against stranger beings of their class. The homage paid to them had thus a Fetish character. Frightful little idols were made to propitiate them, and probably to frighten away strange Larvæ. Teraphim* of this class have been discovered under entrances to buildings at Nineveh. Some have thought that the little idols carried away by Rachel were of this frightful character. We incline rather to suppose them to belong to the class of the benevolent and protecting Lares.†

As all the knowledge possessed by the priests and philosophers of heathen times—and in which the generality of men did not share—was properly magic, the name was not connected with any idea of evil. It was the abuse of this knowledge, such as causing, by incantations, gods or demi-gods, or souls of departed men to appear, and do for the theurgist something evil and out of the ordinary course of nature; this was what was odious, to which they gave the name *goetia*, and which was continued under the Christian dispensation by the title of “sorcery.”

In the Egyptian temples, and in those raised to Appollo, Esculapius, and others, were dormitories devoted to the convenience of patients, who, previous to a near approach to the divinity were required to abstain for some short time from food, for a longer pe-

riod from wine, to drink water, to bathe, to be fumigated, to be rubbed well, and in fact to observe a regimen similar to what a skilful physician of modern times would recommend. The sick man was put to rest (generally on the skin of a black ram)* where no glimpse of heaven's light could penetrate, and where no sound from the outer world could be heard. Next day he was questioned by the priests as to how the night had passed; and in most cases he had a vision of the god to communicate. The heavenly visitor had appeared in such or such a guise, and had prescribed such and such remedies. These remedies, mostly extracted from herbs, and generally accompanied with superstitious circumstances and charms, were resorted to with a most unhesitating faith on the part of the invalid. The cures were numerous, and the failures but few. Access to the adytum of the god was out of the question. It was a great privilege to be allowed to approach the apartment of high priest or priestess, and all the active agencies of the secret machinery of the establishment were religiously kept a mystery to the profane.† Hence the management of the sick worshippers can only be guessed at. One of these two theories may be rationally adopted. The priests, well acquainted with the science of optics, and the other divisions of natural philosophy, as well as the skilful treatment of the sick, would find it a matter of little difficulty to present to the patient under the influence of a narcotic, amid fumigations and sweet music, a personification of the deity of the temple, and make him listen entranced to the words of wisdom, and the health-imparting oracles proceeding from his sacred lips.

Theory number two supposes the existence of animal magnetism.

After the skilful preparation of the patient already described, and while his faith was strong, and his expectation of seeing glorious sights was eager and intense, and while his senses of smelling and hearing were entranced, he was subjected to a process of animal magnetism. Then, while gifted with

* *Raphæ*—one who relaxes with fear, or strikes with terror.

† In Russian cottages were to be seen not long since the tutelary *Obroza*. In an islet off one of the British Isles, an unshapely stone is, or was some time ago, propitiated with libations, so that he might send some good shipwrecks.

* When the highland chief wished his seer to bring him information from the world of spirits, he caused him to take his unhallowed rest on the hide of a newly-slain bull, and within hearing of a cataract. The rite was in force when Herodotus was collecting materials for his history, a black sheep-skin being the bed-sheet in the earlier period.

† *Pro Fanum*—before or outside the temple.

clairvoyance, and his attention powerfully directed to this or that matter connected with his complaint, he gave utterance to the names or descriptions of the medicines on which depended his cure. Of course, when the wise priests lighted on a happily-conditioned subject, they did not neglect to direct his regards to scenes and events about which they required some definite information. If the passive instrument of the skill and knowledge of the priests retained any memory of his experience next morning, he of course gave credit to the god for the fancied visions or ecstasies. His cure followed. Isis, or Horus, or Ceres, or Apollo, was powerful and propitious; the priests were their wise and benevolent ministers and favorites, and greater lustre and glory were shed on the fane in which these wonders occurred.

At Delphi, where a priestess was the medium through whom Apollo gave counsels and uttered prophecies, she was questioned by her managers while her brain was excited by intoxicating fumes. She needed to lead a mortified and chaste life, otherwise excitement produced death. The priests made a happy selection, when choosing their instrument, among maids of a delicate organization, and fine-strung or partly diseased nervous system. She was never seen by any of the numerous worshippers that thronged to the temple for insight into their future lives or relief from their present maladies. She was carefully bathed, rubbed, anointed, fumigated, and in all respects treated as the unsound supplicants who came to be healed at this or that temple.

Among the answers given at Delphi are two remarkable ones, both returned to Croesus, the rich King of Lydia. He directed his ambassadors to inquire of the oracle on the hundredth day after their departure, and at a certain hour of that day, how he (Croesus) was employed at the moment. The priests having their unhappy *Pythia* composed in the magnetic trance at the moment, directed her from headland to headland; and, having landed her on the Asian coast, spirited her on to the palace of Sardis. What is the rich monarch of Lydia doing at this moment, cried they? and an answer came in Greek hexameters:—

"See, I number the sands; the distances know
I of ocean;
Hear even the dumb; comprehend, too, the
thoughts of the silent.

Now perceive I an odor—an odor it seemeth of
lamb's flesh,
As boiling—as boiling in bronze—and mixed with
the flesh of a tortoise.
Brass is beneath, and with brass is this covered
all over."*

And indeed, just then, Croesus was seething a lamb and tortoise in a brazen pot covered with a brazen lid.

The other question was—whether the king's son, then dumb, would ever enjoy the faculty of speech, and this was the answer—

"Lydian, foolish of heart, although a potentate
mighty,
Long not to hear the voice of a son in thy palace.
'Twill bring thee no good; for know, his mouth
he will open,
Of all days, on the one most unlucky."

Croesus, on the point of being slain in his last battle with Cyrus, was preserved by his hitherto dumb son crying out to the Persian soldier—"Man, do not kill Croesus!"

One of three suppositions must be made in relation to these answers.

1st. Herodotus has related the things which were not.

2d. The *Pythia* was in the magnetic sleep when she was asked the questions, saw the events, and gave true answers.

3d. The devil had a certain knowledge of what was passing where he was not personally present, and a limited knowledge of future events, and was thus able to keep up the delusions of mythology.

Old-fashioned Christians, who consider it safest to look on the natural sense as the rule, and the non-natural as the exception, when studying the historic portions of Scripture, will, if they trust to the good old Geoffrey Keating, of Halicarnassus, adopt at once our third hypothesis. German rationalists and their English admirers, and all who put faith in Mesmer's buckets and brass rods, and ignore the personality of the spirit of evil, and are certain that the demoniacs of Judea were only afflicted with epilepsy, will favor the second supposition.

We have now seen magi and priests using such lights as were vouchsafed to them for the benefit of their kings and patrons, and for the recovery of the sick; but, beside these reverently disposed sages, there were others of more or less proficiency in the learning of

* "Ennemoser's History of Magic," translated by William Howitt.

the time who were strongly acted on by a desire to pierce deeper into the secrets of nature, so as to procure a long enjoyment of this world's goods, as they looked but to a joyless after-life. These became incessant in sacrificing to, and otherwise propitiating, the mysterious Hecate, the powers that ruled Hades, and the elements of the earth, the fire, and the air, that they might be admitted to communication with those subtle and powerful beings from whom they were separated by their envelope of earth. The means used were travesties of the forms in which adoration had been paid from the beginning to the Supreme Being—incantations in mystic numbers instead of prayers, and sacrifices chiefly of unclean animals, and offerings of various substances always looked on with disgust as connected with the decay of our mortal frames.

All that may be fairly looked on as superstitious practices among Christians, all belief in fairies and ghosts, are relics of paganism, which, despite the zeal and teaching of the early missionaries, remained fixed in the minds and hearts of the partly converted. Some pagan ideas remained the objects of lingering attachment and reverence, others of fear and dislike. The great shaggy satyr, Pan, concerning whom the awful voice was heard by the coast-dwellers of the central sea—"The great god Pan is dead," lost his prestige, and became the hoofed and horned devil of mediæval story and legend. The Lares and Lemures began to feel their identities and dispositions blending and getting confused; and at last the brownie or goblin, drudging lubber-fiend, lurikawn or pooka, was the result—nearly as well disposed as the Lar to the happiness of the family in which he was domesticated, but retaining something of the malignity of the Larva, and taking delight in whimsical and ludicrous annoyance, inflicted on lazy man or maid-servant. He still was grateful for food, but his reason for decamping from any house where new clothes were laid in his way, has not, as far as we know, been satisfactorily accounted for. The old familiar was only provided with a dog-skin dressing-gown, so that for want of a suit of ceremony, he could not go out to evening parties however wixing he might be. Perhaps had the Latian or Veian, or Tuscan Lar, been gladdened with the sight of a good surtout, the temptation would have been

above his strength, and his comfortable berth by door or hob of Penetralia, would have known him no more.

The spirit of prophecy made the soul of the chaste priestess of Delphi his favorite resting-place; but, when the oracle became dumb, the genius, now a lying, and perverse, and ill-informed one, selected for abode the breast of a woman, young or old, who, for the gift, had bartered her salvation with the Evil One. It fared somewhat better with the fauns and the female genii of the hills, the forests, the lakes, and the rivers. These became fairies, more or less kindly disposed to man; and the worst that happened to the fauns was their transformation to pookas, fir-darriags, and lurikeens.

In the heathen dispensation, Zeus, Ares, Poseidon, and Orcus, contract morganatic marriages with mortal women; and some favored mortals, such as Anchises, Endymion, Tithonus, and Numa Pompilius, found favor in eyes of goddess, nymph of stream or sea, Oread of the hill, or Hamadryad of the wood. Those good times having come to an end, Michael Scott is found dwelling with the fairy queen in her kingdom; the handsome fisherman sitting by the side of the northern fiord, is enticed by the mermaid to descend to the meads and bowers at the bottom of the green waves; Ossian follows a golden-haired maiden through the sun-lighted waves till they reach Tir-na-n-Oge, land of youthful delight, at the bottom of the Atlantic; and the founder of the house of O'Sullivan Mhor is equally fortunate. Women, neglecting the sacred Christian rites, are carried into fairy hills, and recognized after many years by old neighbors, who, belated and slightly affected by "mountain dew," have entered an enchanted rath, lighted up brighter than the day, and filled with beautiful men and women with rich dresses, such as he never before saw, and probably will never see again.

But the representatives of the Celtic or Gothic superstition have received damage from their remote ancestors. The graceful fairy, dressed in red and green, skimming over a Kerry meadow by moonlight, or the Neck, sitting by Scandinavian lake, and playing on his harp, is equally doubtful of future happiness, when their present home shall "wither like a parched scroll." If priest or peasant tell the anxiously inquiring Neck

that he will be saved through the Saviour's merits and goodness, then will he joyfully dance on the smooth lake to the sound of his harp; but if a harsh answer is made, he utters a shriek, and dives to the water's deepest recess. These parallels might be extended to the utmost limit of a volume; so we give them up in despair.

In adverting to the successors of the magicians, white and black, of ancient times, we must necessarily refer to that repository of recondite knowledge, the Cabbala. The root of the word is *kibbel*, to receive, which had reference to the supposed lofty learning acquired by Moses, while on the Mount, and which he afterwards communicated to Joshua. This was orally handed down to succeeding scholars, and passed in time to Christian adepts, whom the later Jewish sages admitted to their confidence in the spirit of Freemasonry. By degrees, those secret communications, in which the hidden designs of Providence, and all the mystic relations of spirit and matter were revealed, were entrusted to ink and parchment. The adepts began to feel less interest in the vast scheme of creation than in their own supposed relations with the lower invisible beings among whom they lived; and at last the studies of the sages seemed confined to the means for obliging the elementary spirits to appear and reveal their knowledge.

Has any reader of the *University* not yet perused the "Rape of the Lock," that gem of ethereal poesy? Without pausing for answer, we beg to remind him that the poet, in dedicating the work to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the beautiful heroine of the piece, refers her to certain memoirs of Le Comte de Gabalis for illustration of the spiritual machinery of the fable. He tells her that many ladies had read the book on the supposition of its being a romance, but says nothing as to the author's name or station. The witty and learned writer was the Abbe de Villars, of the Montfaucon family, and near relative of the learned Pere de Montfaucon, Benedictin. He was assassinated on the road from Paris to Lyons in 1675, by a relative of his own.

The *Count of Gabalis*, a profound Rosicrucian, pays a visit to the representative of the author, a young gentleman with a penchant for occult studies, and reveals the mysteries of his peculiar science to his half incredulous listener. The disciple taking the master's

hypotheses as certain, deduces preposterous conclusions from them, but is not able to shake the count's confidence in the soundness of his system, of which the following meagre outline is presented:—

"At the creation, beings of a refined and subtle essence were created to watch over the four elements, and kept the machinery of our terrestrial orb in the most pleasing and useful order. They were not spirits in the common acceptation of the word, but rather the quintessence of the several elements, refined and condensed, and differing from each other much in the same proportion as the grosser particles from which they were sublimated. These were the nymphs, the sylphs, the salamanders, and the gnomes, their respective charges being the waters, the air, the fire, and the earth. There were male and female spirits, even as the human race consisted of men and women; and if our first parents had consulted the well-being of themselves and their posterity, Eve would have wedded one of these pure and powerful beings, and Adam another. Then, instead of the sickly, weak, and wicked race that now incumbers the earth, there would flourish, during the time allotted for its endurance, a noble race of intellectual, powerful, and glorious beings, exempt from the yoke of passion and appetite, and enriched with a profound knowledge of the operations of nature, the mystical relations of the other heavenly bodies with ours, and the duties of all creatures to the Creator.

"This desirable state of things, however, was not to be. Our first parents foolishly (and even wickedly according to the Cabbalistic philosophy, of which Count Gabalis was a high professor), preferred each other for life companions, and, we their unhappy offspring, are enduring the bitter consequences of their folly.

"Noah was wiser in his generation than Adam. Being actuated by the most lofty motives, he and his wife, *Vesta*, agreed to live apart, and select new partners from the elementary genii. She selected the Salamander, *Oromasis*, for her new lord and master, and their children were the renowned Zoroaster (otherwise Japhet), and Egeria, the beloved of Numa in aftertimes. Sambethe, a wise daughter of Noe, had the same good-fortune. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the sybils had the blood (*ichor*, we meant to say) of the sylphs in their arteries. Ham did not approve of this conduct of his parents, nor of the similar one of his brothers and their partners. He was a man of low propensities, and preferred his earthly wife to sylph, ondine, gnome, or salamander, and see the result in the inferior African race, their pos-

terity. The vestal virgins were instituted in honor of her mother by Egeria, and Zoroaster shed his lights on Persia and other countries of Asia. The noble race (Ham's posterity excepted) that so rapidly peopled the world after the flood, owed their personal greatness and the stupendous works they were able to execute (still an enigma to the little people of later times) to the wisdom of Noah and Vesta's selection of partners.* It is not surprising that the grand feature of Manichæism, the denouncing of matrimony as being of the Evil Principle or Arimanes, should have taken its rise in the favored country of the son of the Salamander, Oromasis.

"One little inconvenience attending the condition of our Rosicrucian essences, was their being subject to annihilation after longer or shorter periods of existence. However, there was not wanting balm in Gilead. As soon as marriage rites were solemnized between mortal and sylph, that moment the aerial bride or bridegroom became immortal. So the tutelary spirits of fire, air, and water, were well disposed to these profitable and pleasing alliances with the adepts of the Cabalistic science. The devils, notwithstanding the prevalent belief concerning their state, were strictly confined within the glowing centre of the earth, and unable to look abroad on our fair world, or induce man or woman to displease the Creator. The gnomes—the spirits of the earth produced by the selection and etherization of its finest particles, residing in the regions next to the demons' habitation, had good opportunity of witnessing their horrible condition, indefinitely aggravated by the idea of the eternity of their sufferings. The demons, on their side, improved the occasion by representing to the simple-minded gnomes, that if they formed earthly connections they would be damned, and their torments lengthened out for an eternity of eternities. This had the desired effect. Scarcely a gnome would consent to be united to the finest man or woman born (bear in mind that there are male and female gnomes), while the only bar that prevented every nymph, sylph, and salamander from obtaining the boon of immortality, was the fewness of the large minded philosophers of the occult science, who alone were calculated to make them happy. The following great fact jars a little

* It may be reasonably supposed that the text "The sons of God saw the daughters of men," etc., etc., misunderstood and misinterpreted, led to the adoption of these absurdities and the Manichean errors, among the professors of the Cabala. A variety introduced by some sage makes *Namah*, wife of Noah, to have been beloved by the spirit Azael, who for her sake voluntarily renounced his high privilege, and has continued an outcast to the present time.

in principle with what has been explained, but we are not to blame.

"During the period from the days of Noe to the commencement of the Christian era, and in the rampant days of Paganism, the elemental spirits wished to furnish to man these helps, which an outraged Providence seemed indisposed to afford. So fine weather was sent and prophecies were uttered by various oracles, the foreseeing power of each being an individual of one of the four orders.

"As in most cases the human Media of old prophecies were of the gentle sex, they must have got their inspiration from spiritual beings of the ungentle ditto, who imparted their knowledge of futurity to their mortal spouses in return for the great boon of immortality received through them. Gnome, nymph, salamander, or sylph, partaking in no degree whatever of the malevolent nature of the demons, thought—good easy spirits!—that they were doing great good by imparting their knowledge of future and distant occurrences to their favorites; but see how the best things may be abused by mortal folly and demon wickedness. The devils finding man abandoned to his own devices, and no powers looking after his lowly condition but the benevolent beings of the Cabala, got it circulated among the degenerate sons of men, that the priestess who sat on the uncomfortable tripod at Delphi, received inspiration, not from an elemental sprite, but from a deity, who deserved and ought to receive divine honors from the hands and lips of man. Moreover, the spirits the refined quintessences and the guardians of the elements from which they had been formed, were not merely to be cherished and honored, but adored—yes, adored! * Oh, cunning and baleful fiends, how like the 'bees of Trebizond,' you convert the finest juice extracted from the flowers of creation into deadly poison, driving the souls of men into madness.

"It might be naturally supposed that the marriage of an ondine or a sylph with a son of Eve, would be attended with some joyful ceremonial; such, indeed, was the case. The sprites on these occasions would, as a preparatory exercise, listen to a *Prone* from a head doctor in Cabalistic lore. If it were a reluctant gnome brought at last to see the error of his ways, the professor would hold forth on the great benefit conferred on him

* We are not ignorant of the jarring of this portion of the Cabalistic theory upon that already enunciated concerning the innocuous and confined condition of the natives of Pandemonium. But if any theory-monger whose system is not based on God's Word finds fault, we will be at the trouble of obliging him to produce his own. The vulgar theory as to the necessity of a good memory to a liar is very applicable here.

by his union with a daughter of earth, all that his neighbors of the burning pit could say against it, notwithstanding.

"Orpheus was the first of mortal mould who held forth to these subtilized beings; and on his opening speech the great gnome, *Sabatus*, abjured annihilation and celibacy, and took a mortal bride. These meetings have since borne the name of the wise convert, and a new trait of the malice of the devil has manifested itself thereby. We do not hear much of 'Witches' Sabats,' so called, till the middle of the fifteenth century, but they existed long before; and the Satanic agents took care to spread abroad that instead of intellectual and mildly joyful reunions, they were meetings held by repulsive old hags, and shameless young women, and the reprobate men, all presided over by the great goatish-looking wretch himself, who made villanous music for them, exhorted them to do all the mischief practicable between that and the next meeting; and instead of allowing them to kiss his hand or mouth, obliged each man or woman to bestow his or her accolade upon a less honorable portion of his person. Another palpable instance of the devil's vain-glory, and his spite against gnomes and men! Knowing the noble and lofty position to be attained by man when united in brotherhood to the elemental genii, he gets his *fauters* on earth to throw an air of sordid indecency, impiety, and horror over these reunions, Goethe and other poets giving their aid, and thus deterred men from an acquaintance so beneficial to themselves and their posterity.

"We must give another instance or two of the malicious aspersions thrown upon the descendants of the gnomes and sylphs. The great (impostor according to some) Appoloni-*us* of Tyana understood the language of birds; could vanish into thin air when Domitian wished to lay hands on him; raised a dead girl to life; announced in an assembly in Asia, that at the same moment they were putting a tyrant to death in Rome; * but all these great deeds of his are imputed to the devil instead of the ondine or salamander, to whom he was tied in Hymen's chain. An English princess bears the sage Merlin to a spirit-husband, and the world, instigated by the evil one, denounces her as an unchaste woman. Yea, many will contend that the

fay or genius, *Melusina*, is not the ancestress of the noble house of Lusignan, in Poitiers.

"If any ambitious and inquisitive reader is induced to seek the acquaintance of these wise, beautiful, and benevolent beings, and is anxious to know the mode of opening a communication with them, let him restrain his impatience a little. The learned Comte de Gabalis offered to introduce his disciple to an assembly whom he was going to address in public; this was to be on the next interview between disciple and sage; but if it took place, the Abbé has left presentation and acquaintance unrecorded. There is a supposition that the Teraphim carried off from Laban were used by him for obtaining interviews with the sprites, and therefore his concern at being robbed of them was so great. Micheas, in the Book of Judges, also bitterly lamented his idols, probably for the same reason. The only hope we can hold out to our presumptuous friend lies in a search after these idols or Teraphim.

"The mystics of the Middle Ages cherished tutelar genii, as well as these beings just enlarged on. These undertook to warn the mortals to whom they were attached of impending danger, to point out the right line of conduct in doubtful concerns, and to be of as much use to him in worldly matters as his guardian angel in the affairs of his spiritual ones. Hence the warnings sent in dreams — the sudden thoughts that enter the mind, as by inspiration, pointing to this or that line of conduct or action, sure to lead to a good result. Those who appear born to disappointments and misfortunes are naturally wayward and negligent and indocile to good instruction: hence their genii at last get tired of their charge, and leave them to the ordinary adverse course of events. What earthly chance would all the non-beautiful women have of winning desirable partners in life were they not aided by their genii, who communicate a charm to their tones and gestures, infuse an agreeability of manner into them, and cause their homely features to be seen through an enchanted medium? An example will exhibit the proceedings of these good genii better than whole pages of essay.

"A savant of Dijon, contemporary with Christina of Sweden and Descartes, was annoyed by a passage in one of the Greek poets for days. He was unable to penetrate the sense; and, at last, despairingly betook himself to sleep. In a dream his genius conducted him to the royal library of Stockholm. He accurately observed the arrangement of the shelves, busts, etc., and at the end, opened a volume, and found, about the twenty-fourth page, a passage in Greek which completely solved his difficulty. Awaking, he struck a light, wrote down the lines while they were

* This Cagliostro of the ancients was born in Capadocia, a few years before the Christian era. He was a Pythagorean, and renounced wine, women, meat, and fish, at least in appearance. He died towards the end of the first century, making sure to conceal the manner of it, even from his confidant, Damis. This honest man wrote his life, which was afterwards enlarged and polished into a romance by Philostratus.

fresh in his memory, and on rising next morning, he found the solution of his perplexity on the table. He questioned by letter the philosopher, Descartes, who had charge of the library at Stockholm at the time, and found the description given of its local features to correspond exactly with the picture presented to him in his sleep. A duplicate of the very scarce volume, which he had up to the date of his dream, never seen, was sent to him, and his wonder and perplexity were great. Let no professional mountebank ascribe this wonderful circumstance to his darling clairvoyance; the savant had no professor by to throw him into the mesmeric trance, and bid him *cherche*.

"This case was nearly matched by what happened to a councillor of the French Parliament, to whom a young man appeared in his sleep, and uttered a few words in a foreign and (to him) unknown tongue. He wrote down the sounds as well as he could, and showed the paper to the learned Mons. de Sommaise, who pronounced the piece to be a Syriac passage written in Roman character, and the purport this: "Go out of thy house; for it will be a heap of ruins to-morrow evening." The councillor showed himself a man of sense. He removed his family and his furniture; and the house, when it fell, caused no loss of life nor valuable furniture.

"These and other wonderful interferences of genii for good are given on the authority of an Irish adept, whom his French laudator called *Magnamara*. He made no difficulty of bringing a young aspirant face to face with his guardian genius. In an obscure apartment he drew a circle on the floor, and a square within the circle (Sir E. Bulwer Lytton would have preferred a pentagon), placed a mysterious name of the Deity at each angle of the figure, and the powerful name, *Agla*, in the centre. He then stripped the postulant, clapped a brimless hat on his head, and a winding-sheet round his shoulders, made him so stand inside the square that the powerful *Agla* would lie between his feet, punctured some characters on his forehead, and wrote certain words in two small circles in his right hand. This was all, except some very vigorous prayers said on his knees, with his face to the rising sun.

"It will be recollected that the Comte de Gabalis forgot to summon, or was prevented from summoning, one of the elementary sprites for the edification of his disciple; but the Irish sage, after gratifying his pupil with the sight of his genius, called up a refractory gnome, to whom he read an unavailing lecture on the stiff-neckedness of his tribe regarding intermarriages with mortals. The dress of ceremony was the same as on the visit

of the genius—the brimless hat, the winding-sheet, and the inscriptions, and fumigations, and lustrations, were not omitted. The tyro went on his knees, and recited a certain formula, with his face to the east, his eyes having previously been rubbed with a collyrium used by Psellus* when invoking spirits. He had also swallowed some drops of a concentrated essence of pure earth. The gnome prince appeared, small of size, but finely proportioned, and in his reply to the great *Magnamara*, he was as little complimentary to the human family as the King of *Brodingnag* to Lemuel Gulliver's fellow-men, after the little man had endeavored to impress his gigantic majesty with the goodness and power and ability of European human nature in the reign of the First George."

Such sages as the imaginary Count of Gabalis and Mr. *Magnamara* would, of course, shudder at being obliged to seek aid from genius or elementary sprite in obtaining any gift less than the Universal Menstruum or the philosopher's stone, and this chiefly for the advantage of their fellow men. They renounced the agency of the devil and his imps (in theory) as earnestly as ever did *Miss Miggs* "pronounce the Pope of Babylon and all his works which is Pagan." The contrast between the knowledge-seeking, disinterested spirit of Rosicrucianism† evident in the dreamy theories of Cardan, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, and others, and the malignant, disgusting, and horrible practices of sorcery, from its rise among the earliest idolators, is very striking. It is not surprising, that those who believed every portion of the earth and its products, and all the powers of nature, to be represented by some numen or spiritual influence, should endeavor to propitiate the superior essences, and subjugate the inferior ones to their will. The moon, so mystical in its motions and changes, its apparent waning and extinction, and renewal of being, could not fail to attract the deepest attention from every tyro in the study of occult sciences. The priests boasted

* A Greek writer who flourished in the reign of Constantine Duca.

† *Ros*, dew; and *crux*, cross. The dew was supposed one of the most effective dissolvents for all stubborn substances. Crucibles were marked with the cross, and the compound word was deemed a fit title for sages in search of the Universal Menstruum and the philosopher's stone. John Valentine Andreu, born in the end of the fifteenth century, makes first mention of the society. They guarded their secrets as carefully as the Druids. They seem to have dwindled into the Illuminati of the eighteenth century.

the possession of occult knowledge; they had their neophytes, and impiously parodied in their profane ceremonies, the primeval modes of offering homage, or invoking the Creator of the world. When spiritual and powerful qualities were imputed to matter, or those influences that produce modifications or changes therein, it was but a natural sequence that the heavenly agents, the angels, should become the genii, or good demons, or intelligences, and that the memory of the evil spirits should keep its hold on the popular imagination, and their essences be perpetuated in those malignant beings represented in surviving specimens of Etruscan art, in the Egyptian Typhon, in the Scandinavian Loki, and the Wolf Fenris, and the world-encircling Serpent, and the Giants of Jotunheim, and the Orcus or Pluto of Greece and Rome, and his grisly satellites, and triple-headed dog, and the Incubi and Succubi, and the fearful Larvæ, and the dread Parcæ, and the representatives of war, and of natural scourges and evils, and of man's own baleful passions.

The primeval knowledge possessed by man of the subserviency of all the powers of pain or evil to the great and good Creator, became enfeebled and perverted, till they came at last to be looked on as influences whose powers did not depend for their continuance on the pleasure or will of Heaven's Ruler or Rulers. Osiris and Isis could not extinguish Typhon, or even deprive him of his evil privileges; the Giants, and Loki, and the Wolf, bade defiance to the dwellers in Asgard, to whom man was dear; the Titans, the Furies, and the Grisly King of Hell, paid no direct worship to Zeus or Jupiter. So all these sinister and baleful sub-divinities, gradually found incense burning to them, and sacrifices offered in deprecation of their dread offices. These sacrifices were mostly the intestines of black animals, and the hair and nails of human beings; and the institution still survives, wherever Fetish worship is kept up by the ignorant and lazy denizens of tropical countries, or the benighted dwellers within the Arctic circle.

The Manichean belief in Arimanes the independent Evil Principle, over Ormuzd, the Good Principle, could not obtain any decided victory, harmonizes well with this portion of mythology. As our lighter and more graceful fairy fictions, and resorting to holy wells, and our bonfires on the eves of May Day and

St. John the Baptist, and our efforts to dive into the secrets of futurity on All-Saints' eve, remain lasting and comparatively harmless remains of Celtic or Teutonic Mythology, so all attempts by means of witchcraft,* to recover lost goods, to avert evil from ourselves, or inflict it on our neighbors, are connected with the gloomy rites paid to the representations of evil in the operations of nature or their own passions, by the ancient seekers of infernal aid.

Every sincere believer in the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures, will acknowledge that before, and at the period of, Our Lord's appearance on the earth, the demons were permitted to sensibly afflict the bodies of men.† Witness Job and the demoniacs relieved by the Saviour. They likewise exerted some influence over irrational animals, the possession of the swine for instance.

To those who cannot suppose or believe that there is a spiritual essence capable of all evil and incapable of good, and whom we designate by Satan or Devil, and who, if they granted his existence, cannot conceive how he could open a communication with a human being, or how he could, by entering into such human being, set him distracted, or how he could produce madness in an irrational herd of swine, and drive them to their destruction,—to such, part of what is said above will appear void of sense. But if we are to grant nothing but what we can understand, then there are no such things as dreams,—muscular motion is not the result of intellect acting on fine, soft, sensitive threads of nerves, and communicating messages through them from the central seat of consciousness. In fact, no animal functions were ever discharged, for it is beyond human intellect to conceive how the soul, undecaying and always the same, is now ultimately united with the tissues of a certain body, and is found after the lapse of some months, as intimately united with an entirely different set of nerves, muscles, bones, etc. The former frame having been entirely decomposed, and sunk into the earth, or flown into the air in minute particles.

* *Wissen* to know; hence also *wit*.

† If any weight were to be given to the interpretation of some who pretend that demoniacs were merely relieved of some ailment incident to human nature, all certainty as to the meaning of ordinary speech would be at an end.

The children of Israel could not have abode so long among the idolatrous Egyptians without having seen magic-rites practiced, and having been more or less influenced for the worse by evil examples.

So we find Moses forbidding such practices as the following: Divining by the motions of the clouds, or perhaps enchanting by the eye, consulting the flights of birds, or the movements of terrestrial animals, enchanting by drugs or charmed forms of speech, unlawful prying into the occult qualities of matter, consulting familiar spirits or the souls of the departed.

The prohibition was not unneeded, as the Woman of Endor is found invoking or pretending to invoke a spirit to give an answer to the reckless King of Juda. She evidently was confident of producing in person some familiar spirit or phantasm of her own contrivance, and hence her surprise when the ghost of Samuel, or an angel in his likeness, made his appearance.

If evil spirits had prescience of coming events before the reign of Christ was established on earth, then it is scarcely to be doubted that they imparted this gift to the priestesses who ministered at Delphi; or those who served Jupiter at Dodona, or in the Libyan Oasis. No means more effective could the devil have used to confirm the worship of the false deities, who were supposed to communicate this foreknowledge.

If this were not in the power of the fiends, and if there be such a faculty incident to persons in a diseased state of nerve as clairvoyance, the priestesses were in this category, and the impostor priests, the hard-headed magnetizers, throwing them into the state of lucid trance, got from them the information they needed. Supposing that these means were not resorted to, they who were the depositaries of the learning of the times would use drugs or fumes to produce a kindred effect. Besides these, the only remaining theory available is, that the agency of many ingenious agents were at work to procure all sorts of information; and that juggling replies, answers dictated by extensive knowledge, and deep human penetration were returned.

To those whose object was their own aggrandizement, different modes presented themselves according to circumstances; sacrifices were offered to Mercury, or other deities, for

success in individual speculations; witch-hazel twigs held upright by two forks would turn down when over concealed treasures; or a candle, made with the fat of a dead man, and held in a dead man's hand, would light the selfish and unscrupulous seeker to concealed hoards; and the practitioners would never omit the muttering of charms during the operation.

Then, if the life of an undesirable individual was aimed at, there were powerful charms devoting him to death; and a waxen image, set slowly to melt before the fire would involve his gradual decay; or pierced with knives or bodkins, would inflict sympathetic pangs on his sensitive frame.

Horace's *Canidia* was skilled in such manipulations, and the art was not lost in the days of the wife of good Duke Humphrey (herself a professor), nor for a score of centuries later.

However the charms still used by ignorant and superstitious people may savor of Christian faith somewhat abused, there can be no doubt but modern incantations are the mere relics of some that were spoken years before the Christian era. Here is a charm, once popular in parts of Ireland, at all events. There are varieties of it to be found in England:—

“CHARM FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

“St. Peter sitting on a marble stone, our Saviour passing by, asked him what was the matter? ‘Oh, Lord, a tooth-ache!’ ‘Stand up, Peter, and follow me; and whoever keeps these words in memory of me, shall never be troubled with a tooth-ache.’ Amen.”

The next charm is worthy this one. We have not heard it in Ireland:—

“CHARM FOR CRAMP.

“The devil is tying a knot in my leg, Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg. Crosses three we make to ease us, Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus.”

“CHARM FOR EPILEPSY.—NO. 1.

“Caspar brings myrrh, Melchior incense, Balthazar * gold; whoever carries these three names about with him, will, through Christ, be free from the falling sickness.”

While using No. 2, the operator takes the patient by the hand, and whispers in his ear, thus combining animal magnetism and incantation:—

* These are the traditional names given to the Magi that came to adore the infant Saviour. Their relics are supposed to rest in Cologne.

"I abjure thee by the sun, and the moon, and the gospel of this day, that thou arise, and no more fall to the ground. In the name," etc., etc., etc.

Among the peasantry in portions of Ireland some fifty years since, the following prayer, slightly tinged with the character of a charm, would be repeated after lying down to rest :—

"Here I lay me down to sleep,
To God I give my soul to keep ;
Sleep now, sleep never,
To God I give my soul forever.
Four corners on my bed,
Four angels o'er them spread,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on !
When I'm asleep and cannot see,
Wake, sweet Jesus, and comfort me.
Jesus within me, Jesus without me,
Twelve Apostles round about me !
God the Father bless me,
Illuminate and sanctify me,
This good night and for evermore.

Amen."

However objectionable the form here and there, it was repeated in good faith and with genuine piety.

There is scarcely a variety of witchcraft or sorcery witnessed or suspected in modern times, which cannot be traced to anti-Christian times. The following instance is selected from the "Golden Ass" of Lucius Apuleius* :—

Pamphile, a married woman, is distinguished by her want of fidelity to her husband, Milo. She can control the elements, shake the stars in their sphere, raise the spirits of the dead, and enthrall the divinities themselves. Being anxious for a dark night, that she may execute a love spell, she threatens the sun himself with a misty veil if he does not accelerate his chariot wheels down the western slope. She has seen her new

favorite under the hands of the barber, and his fair locks falling from the scissors. She hurries her maid to the shop of the artist in hair, to secure some of the curly locks, and when welcome darkness arrives, she brings out on a balcony open at both ends—

"Divers sorts of aromatics, tablets engraved with unknown characters, nails wrenched from ships wrecked on the ocean, limbs and remnants of buried and unburied corpses, noses and fingers, pieces of flesh of crucified criminals sticking to the iron nails, blood-stained daggers of assassins, and skulls, from which the teeth of wild beasts had ripped the scalp. All these things she arranged in proper order ; and then, after performing a sacrifice, and pronouncing an incantation over the palpitating entrails of the victim, she poured over them a libation of cows' milk, mountain honey, and wine diluted with spring water. Finally, she took the hair, mixed with it much perfume, plaited it in several distinct locks, tied all the locks in a knot together, and threw them on the live coals of a chafing dish to be consumed."

The next expected result would be the hastening of the young man to her door ; but something had gone wrong in the preparation of the unholy rite. Photis, the maid, prowling about the barber's chair, had conveyed some of the Theban's flowing ringlets into her bosom, but the worthy barber was on the watch. He seized and searched her, recovered the stolen honors, and gave the roguish maid the key of the street. She coming home in great fear of a beating, saw three goat-skin bags of wine resting on a wall ; some tufts of hair resembling the desired ones in color, were soon detached from these skins and burned unsuspectingly by Pamphile. Now comes the *bizarre* result of the sorcery. No sooner had the hair begun to crackle than the wine-bags, with their contents, roused to a factitious state of existence, and obeying the potent spell, rushed furiously towards Milo's house.

Arrived there, they thundered at the door, and the hero of the tale, a temporary visitor returning belated, saw what he supposed were three bluff robbers striving to effect an entrance. He rushed on them, and his sword was in their vitals before they could devise any effective plan of defence. He was taken up by the patrol, tried for the murder of the three citizens, and exposed to public derision and laughter, as all but himself knew

* This writer was born at Madaura, S.W. of Carthage, in the second century. While travelling to Alexandria, for the purpose of study, he stayed at Oeca (now Tripoli), at the house of a young friend ; and the mother of this youth, a rich widow, thought fit to endow him with her hand and her treasures. He was brought to trial by her family for the alleged crime of having bewitched her, but was honorably acquitted. His *apology* on this occasion was a favorite with succeeding scholars. His "Golden Ass" is a curious specimen of early romance. In the translation of it into English by Sir George Head, Longman and Co., 1851, the indelicate passages and expressions are omitted. In a story of Heathen Society, written by a Heathen, such blemishes were certain to abound.

what and who the sufferers were. Apuleius is supposed to have introduced this passage into his philosophic tale for the purpose of throwing ridicule on his own prosecutors for their treatment of himself, on the score of his magic.

Pamphile, wondering at the ill-success of her charm, took an opportunity next night to change herself into an owl, to fly away to her love, as he would not, or perhaps could not, come to her.

"She first divested herself of all her garments, and then having unlocked a chest, took from it several little boxes, and opened one which contained a certain ointment. Rubbing this ointment a good while between the palms of her hands, she anointed her whole body, and then whispered many magic words to a lamp, as if she was talking to it; then she began to move her arms, first with tremulous jerks, and afterwards by a gentle undulating motion, till a glittering downy surface overspread her body; feathers and strong quills burst forth presently, her nose became a hard, crooked beak, her toes changed to curved talons, and Pamphile was no longer Pamphile, but it was an owl I saw before me. And now, uttering a harsh, querulous scream, leaping from the ground by little and little, in order to try her powers; and presently, poising herself aloft on her pinions, she stretched forth her wings on either side to their full extent, and flew away."

Lucius, envying the witch her power, begs of Photis to furnish him with a box of the ointment. She is at first unwilling, but finally complying, she unfortunately hands him a wrong one; and when he is swinging his arms in triumph, expecting to be on the wing in a moment, he finds his tender skin hardening, his soles degenerating into horny hoofs, his palms the same, his mouth becoming a muzzle, his ears lengthening, and his entire structure and nature metamorphosed into those of an ass. Photis is in despair for a moment, but recollecting herself, she bids him be of courage. He has nothing to do but to masticate the first rose he meets in the morning, and he will be as good a man as ever. Had he changed to a bird, a drink of water, in which a little anniseed and a few laurel leaves had been steeped, would have restored him.* Alas! before morning came,

* We give with some reluctance, formulas of sorcery, but have no hesitation in quoting this one at length, for who that can honestly quote Terence's

he had been kicked by his own beasts, seized on by banditti, and begun to be hurried through all the strange adventures in the work, including the original of the bandit and cavern-scene of Gil Blas.

The higher and nobler portion of the science having been transmitted to the professors of the Cabbala, resulted, to the great surprise of the sage experimenters themselves, in valuable chemical discoveries, and a great advance in our knowledge of astronomy. Canidia and Pamphile, and their sisters, left to modern wizards and witches, nothing better than skill in the concocting of poisons and love philters, and charms to withdraw the produce of cultivated fields, and of cattle, from their rightful owners, and spells producing lingering sickness and death, by melting wax effigies of the victims, and other diabolical means.

There have been but few varieties in the rites of sorcery during three thousand years, the change of faith from Paganism to Christianity having effected little worth notice. It will be sufficient to quote the ceremonies of which the Lady Alice Kyteler, of Kilkenny, her son, William Outlawe, and their accomplices, were accused about the year 1300. Ireland has had in her time a liberal quota of troubles, but certainly very few of them proceeded from witch-finding and witch-burning on a large scale — for this let us be duly thankful! The Kilkenny *cause célèbre* was a very remarkable one, but we have no space to enter into its details, with the exception of some of the alleged magic rites. Lady Alice was accused of having been seen sweeping the dust of the street* to the threshold of her son, William, mumbling this charm the while,—

"To the house of William, my son,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

Herself and her friends were accused of re-
Homo Sum would not take pleasure in restoring to manhood a poor brother, who by any means, magic or what you will, had got himself converted into owl or ass.

* There was much symbolism in all these devil's doings. A witch, desirous to transfer the produce of a farmer's lands to herself or another, would be found on May morning skimming the dew off the grass of one of his meadows into a bowl. She would draw the spangle of one of his cows, to take the milk from his flock; she would draw the pot-rack, and after awhile, removing the pot-lid, she would find the pot filled with curds and whey, if the spell was lucky; all the operations being accompanied by charmed rhymes, chanted in a low, mysterious tone.

nouncing their faith in the Saviour for certain periods, during which time they would not attend at Mass, say a prayer, nor discharge any religious function whatever. They killed certain animals, and flung the torn portions about at cross-roads, thus offering them as a sacrifice to *Robin, Son of Artis*, a devil of low degree. They mimicked the ceremony of excommunication against sundry parties to whom they bore ill will. They sacrificed to the demons the intestines of cocks, mingled with horrible worms, baleful herbs, nails and hair of dead men, the clothes and portions of the bodies of unchristened children. They boiled these and other such ingredients in the skull of an executed criminal, over a fire of oak sticks. They made magic powders and magic candles from the hellish mixture, to excite love in some, and procure lingering deaths for others.

Lady Alice had held conferences with the said Robin Artisson in the shapes of a black cat, a black dog, and a black man. She was known to have sacrificed to him nine red cocks, and nine peacocks' eyes, at a stone bridge; and on more than one occasion to have anointed a coultter, and performed long, airy journeys on it. So far her accusers. Lady Alice, however, got in safety to England. William Outlawe, a man of influence, submitted to imprisonment for a season; and poor Petronilla de Meath was burnt. She had been flogged six times; and it is probable that she confessed to being present at the horrible rites above named, in company with Lady Alice, to escape a repetition of the degrading torture. She was the first real or suspected witch burned in Ireland. We do not at this moment recollect another.

In the reign of Philip Augustus, the Templars were put on their defence in more than one kingdom, and accused of crimes too horrible even to be mentioned in this place, and the suppression of the Order was the result. From the middle of the fifteenth century, with little interruptions, there were in Germany and Belgium and France, a series of searches for, and findings of, witches.

Sabat meetings were the subjects into which the judges entered with the greatest zest. They were never weary of hearing how the poor, old, demented creatures anointed twig, or broom, or tongue, and how they flew through the air to the brocken, or any other convenient dance-floor; how *Old William*, in like-

ness of goat, or dog, or the old god Pan, received them; how he made inquiries as to the amount of mischief each had done since last reunion, and how he distributed rewards or stripes, according to the greater or less amount of evil wrought.

After these reports were handed in, and the needful labor finished, the amusement grew fast and furious. When dancing was the order of the night, the fiend made music on a peculiar flageolet, sometimes using his nose as a substitute; and when the orgies, altogether unfit for description, came to an end, each jaded old girl and boy (for men were also of the horrible society) were conveyed by the same steeds to the place from whence they came, and were scarcely able to leave their beds for a week.

Early in the sixteenth century, trials for witchcraft began in Scotland. The celebrated case connected with the Munroes of Fowlis, occupied public attention from about 1577 to the end of the century.

It is well known that when the Scottish Solomon was not hunting, eased in his padded suit, or writing Latin polemics, or indecent songs, or unbending with his favorites, he was gloating over the revelations made by the miserable, distracted creatures—in great part the result of insidious questions put to them by their torturers, or of the workings of their own crazed intellects on the subjects of past trials, and fireside conversations in city and country. One trial for sorcery came too near to himself to be pleasant.

Lady Essex married very young, cared little for her lord, but much for young Carr, James's minion. Doctor Forman and Mrs. Turner were employed by her to use their knowledge of sorcery to put the Earl of Essex out of the way, and secure for herself the affections of the Earl of Somerset—Carr. The husband obstinately continued to live; so a divorce was got on plausible grounds, and the guilty pair were wedded. Sir Thomas Overbury, who had been the most useful agent in the commencement of the intrigue, somehow displeased the earl and countess, and was committed to the Tower. He is supposed to have been there poisoned, and Carr and his lady were brought to trial. James, for very urgent reasons, exerted himself to get an acquittal. Mrs. Turner was executed in her yellow ruff. Dr. Forman would also have suffered only for having met with a sudden

death, foretold, as it is said, by himself on the previous day.

Strange to say, accused witches fared better before the Spanish tribunals than elsewhere. Their revelations were rightly judged to be the result of their own diseased imaginations. One woman gave a circumstantial account of her ride to the meeting, and the orgies there witnessed and shared, but a crony of her own proved, that after anointing her stick, she had lain down on her own hearth and dreamed the rest.

The terrible *Malleus Maleficarum*, the "Hammer of Witches," was put forth in

1484, by the inquisitors Jacob Sprenger, and one who called himself Henricus Institor. Reginald Scott, Dr. Cotta, and Thomas Ady, were among the few that had sufficient sense to see through the general delusion under which their contemporaries labored, and courage to publicly express their convictions in writing. While lamenting the hard treatment experienced by the accused, we must take into account the general disregard of life which distinguished the witch period, and that many, very many, of those burned, deserved hanging, at least, for real crimes.

A BALLAD ON A BISHOP.

THE Bishop of Rochester thinks it's the ticket
To hinder his clergy from playing at cricket;
That parsons should bowl well, or make many
notches, ter-
Rific appears to the Bishop of Rochester.

The Bishop of Rochester's awfully skeared
At the thought of the clergymen wearing the
beard:
Nor cares for the plea of heretical railer
That they've done it from Aaron to Jeremy
Taylor.

The bishop prohibits, with Claphamite rigor,
The spring to the saddle, the touch on the trigger,
"Nor, Fishers of Men," he remarks, "do I wish
a man
To angle, though Peter, I know, was a fisher-
man."

To the bishop a parson, as strong in the arm
As he is in the pulpit, says, "Pray, may I
farm?"

"No, *sir*, you shall breed neither small ewe nor
big ram
While I'm your diocesan," cries Dr. Wigram.

Replies the bold parson, "Please, bishop, to mind
That the Church hath a glebe to the pastor as-
signed,

Which means he's to farm it:"—a brave *rara
avis*

Appears, by the way, this recalcitrant Davies:

Says the bishop, "Look here: it's reported to
me

That you mix with coarse farmers too much,
Mr. D."

"My lord, some false notions you've taken aboard-
ship,
I do no such thing, I declare to your lordship.

"I don't buy or sell. I don't hunt, fish, or
shoot.

Won't you leave a poor parson one manly pur-
suit?"

But the wisdom of Solomon backed by young
Sirach
Would never have moved the inflexible hierarch
The bishop, whose name is both Wigram and
Cotton,
The latter well rammed in his ears must have
gotten,
For in periods as swollen as elephantiasis
He turns Mr. Davies slap out of the diocese.

"With how little of wisdom in state or in creed
The world may be governed," said Axel the
Swede,
And this bishop, who useth episcopal pen so,
Owns he doesn't know Hebrew, but censures
Colenso.

His brother, the Bishop of Punchester, waits
To see how he'll get out of Davies's Straits;
But wishes that Pam had been rather more wary
When Vaughan tacked a *nolo to e-piscopari*.
—Punch.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE COPPERHEADS.

To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

The following extract from "Coriolanus" has
a direct application:

"WHAT would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you,

Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes." PER SE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

Who that had spoken of Maurice de Guérin could refrain from speaking of his sister Eugénie, the most devoted of sisters, one of the rarest and most beautiful of souls? "There is nothing fixed, no duration, no vitality in the sentiments of women towards one another; their attachments are mere pretty bows of ribbon, and no more. In all the friendships of women I observe this slightness of the tie. I know no instance to the contrary, even in history. Orestes and Pylades have no sisters." So she speaks of the friendships of her own sex. But Electra can attach herself to Orestes, if not to Chrysothemis. And to her brother Maurice Eugénie de Guérin was Pylades and Electra in one.

The name of Maurice de Guérin,—that young man so gifted, so attractive, so careless of fame, and so early snatched away; who died at twenty-nine; who, says his sister, "let what he did be lost with a carelessness so unjust to himself, set no value on any of his own productions, and departed hence without reaping the rich harvest which seemed his due;" who, in spite of his immaturity, in spite of his fragility, exercised such a charm, "furnished to others so much of that which all live by," that some years after his death his sister found in a country house where he used to stay, in the journal of a young girl who had not known him, but who heard her family speak of him, his name, the date of his death, and these words, "*il était leur vie* (he was their life);" whose talent, exquisite as that of Keats, with less of sunlight, abundance, and facility in it than that of Keats, but with more of distinction and power, had "that winning, delicate, and beautifully happy turn of expression" which is the stamp of the master,—is beginning to be well known to all lovers of literature. This establishment of Maurice's name was an object for which his sister Eugénie passionately labored. While he was alive, she placed her whole joy in the flowering of this gifted nature; when he was dead, she had no other thought than to make the world know him as she knew him. She outlived him nine years, and her cherished task for those years was to rescue the fragments of her brother's composition, to collect them, to get them published. In pursuing this

task she had at first cheering hopes of success: she had at last baffling and bitter disappointment. Her earthly business was at an end; she died. Ten years afterwards, it was permitted to the love of a friend, M. Trébutien, to accomplish for Maurice's memory what the love of a sister had failed to accomplish. But those who read with delight and admiration, the journal and letters of Maurice de Guérin could not but be attracted and touched by this sister Eugénie, who met them at every page. She seemed hardly less gifted, hardly less interesting, than Maurice himself. And now M. Trébutien has done for the sister what he had done for the brother. He has published the journal of Mdle. Eugénie de Guérin, and a few (too few, alas!) of her letters. The book has made a profound impression in France; and the fame which she sought only for her brother now crowns the sister also.

Parts of Mdle. de Guérin's journal were several years ago printed for private circulation, and a writer in the *National Review* had the good fortune to fall in with them. The bees of our English criticism do not often roam so far afield for their honey, and this critic deserves thanks for having flitted in his quest of blossom to foreign parts, and for having settled upon a beautiful flower found there. He had the discernment to see that Mdle. de Guérin was well worth speaking of, and he spoke of her with feeling and appreciation. But that, as I have said, was several years ago: even a true and feeling homage needs to be from time to time renewed, if the memory of its object is to endure; and criticism must not lose an occasion like the present, when Mdle. de Guérin's journal is for the first time published to the world, of directing notice once more to this religious and beautiful character.

Eugénie de Guérin was born in 1805, at the château of Le Cayla, in Languedoc. Her family, though reduced in circumstances, was noble; and even when one is a saint one cannot quite forget that one comes of the stock of the Guarini of Italy, or that one counts among one's ancestors a Bishop of Senlis, who had the marshalling of the French order of battle on the day of Bouvines. Le Cayla was a solitary place, with its terrace looking down upon a stream-bed and valley; "one may pass days there without seeing any living thing but the sheep, without hearing any

living thing but the birds." M. de Guérin, Eugénie's father, lost his wife when Eugénie was thirteen years old, and Maurice seven: he was left with four children, Eugénie, Marie, Erembert, and Maurice—of whom Eugénie was the eldest, and Maurice was the youngest. This youngest child, whose beauty and delicacy had made him the object of his mother's most anxious fondness, was commended by her in dying to the care of his sister Eugénie. Maurice at eleven years old went to school at Toulouse; then he went to the Collège Stanislas at Paris; then he became a member of a religious society, which M. de Lamennais had formed at La Chênaie in Brittany; afterwards he lived chiefly at Paris, returning to Le Cayla at the age of twenty-nine, to die. Distance, in those days, was a great obstacle to frequent meetings of the separated members of a French family of narrow means. Maurice de Guérin was seldom at Le Cayla after he had once quitted it, though his few visits to his home were long ones; but he passed five years—the period of his sojourn in Brittany, and of his first settlement in Paris—without coming home at all. In spite of the check from these absences, in spite of the more serious check from a temporary alteration in Maurice's religious feelings, the union between the brother and sister was wonderfully close and firm. For they were knit together, not only by the tie of blood and early attachment, but also by the tie of a common genius. "We were," says Eugénie, "two eyes looking out of one forehead." She on her part brought to her love for her brother the devotedness of a woman, the intensity of a recluse, almost the solicitude of a mother. Her home duties prevented her from following the wish, which often arose in her, to join a religious sisterhood. There is a trace—just a trace—of an early attachment to a cousin; but he died when she was twenty-four. After that, she lived for Maurice. It was for Maurice that, in addition to her constant correspondence with him by letter, she began in 1834 her journal, which was sent to him by portions as it was finished. After his death she tried to continue it, addressing it "to Maurice in Heaven." But the effort was beyond her strength; gradually the entries became rarer and rarer; and, on the last day of December, 1840, the pen dropped from her hand: the journal ends.

Other sisters have loved their brothers, and it is not her affection for Maurice, admirable as this was, which alone could have made Eugénie de Guérin celebrated. I have said that both brother and sister had genius: M. Sainte Beuve goes so far as to say that the sister's genius was equal if not superior to her brother's. No one has a more profound respect for M. Sainte Beuve's critical judgments than I have; but it seems to me that this particular judgment needs to be a little explained and guarded. In Maurice's special talent, which was a talent for interpreting nature, for finding words which incomparably render the subtlest impressions which nature makes upon us, which brings the intimate life of nature wonderfully near to us, it seems to me that his sister was by no means his equal. She never, indeed, expresses herself without grace and intelligence; but her words, when she speaks of the life and appearances of nature, are in general but intellectual signs; they are not like her brother's—symbols equivalent with the thing symbolized. They bring the notion of the thing described to the mind, they do not bring the feeling of it to the imagination. Writing from the Nivernais—that region of vast woodlands in the centre of France—"It does one good," says Eugénie, "to be going about in the midst of this enchanting nature, with flowers, birds, and verdure all round one, under this large and blue sky of the Nivernais. How I love the gracious form of it, and those little white clouds here and there, like cushions of cotton, hung aloft to rest the eye in this immensity!" It is pretty and graceful, but how different from the grave and pregnant strokes of Maurice's pencil: "I have been along the Loire, and seen on its banks the plains where nature is puissant and gay; I have seen royal and antique dwellings, all marked by memories which have their place in the mournful legend of humanity—Chambord, Blois, Amboise, Chenonceaux; then the towns on the two banks of the river,—Orleans, Tours, Saumur, Nantes; and, at the end of it all, the ocean rumbling. From these I passed back into the interior of the country, as far as Bourges and Nevers, a region of vast woodlands, in which murmurs of an immense range and fulness" (*ce beau torrent de rumeurs*, as, with an expression worthy of Wordsworth, he elsewhere calls them) "prevail and never

cease." Words whose charm is like that of the sounds of the murmuring forest itself, and whose reverberations, like theirs, die away in the infinite distance of the soul.

Maurice's life was in the life of nature, and the passion for it consumed him; it would have been strange if his accent had not caught more of the soul of nature than Eugénie's accent, whose life was elsewhere. "You will find in him," Maurice says to his sister of a friend whom he was recommending to her, "you will find in him that which you love, and which suits you better than anything else—*l'onction, l'effusion, la mysticité*." Unction, the pouring out of the soul, the rapture of the mystic, were dear to Maurice also; but in him the bent of his genius gave even to those a special direction of its own. In Eugénie they took the direction most native and familiar to them; their object was the religious life.

And yet, if one analyzes this beautiful and most interesting character quite to the bottom, it is not exactly as a saint that Eugénie de Guérin is remarkable. The ideal saint is a nature like Saint François de Sales or Fénelon; a nature of ineffable sweetness and serenity, a nature in which struggle and revolt is over, and the whole man (so far as is possible to human infirmity) swallowed up in love. Saint Theresa (it is Mdlle. de Guérin herself who reminds us of it) endured twenty years of unacceptance and repulse in her prayers; yes, but the Saint Theresa whom Christendom knows is Saint Theresa repulsed no longer; it is Saint Theresa accepted, rejoicing in love, radiant with ecstasy. Mdlle. de Guérin is not one of these saints arrived at perfect sweetness and calm, steeped in ecstasy; there is something primitive, indomitable in her, which she governs, indeed, but which chafes, which revolts; somewhere in the depths of that strong nature there is a struggle, an impatience, an inquietude, an ennui, which endures to the end, and which leaves one, when one finally closes her journal, with an impression of profound melancholy. "There are days," she writes to her brother, "when one's nature rolls itself up, and becomes a hedgehog. If I had you here at this moment, here close by me, how I should prick you! how sharp and hard!" "Poor soul, poor soul," she cries out to herself another day, "what is the matter, what would you have: Where is that which will do you

good? Everything is green, everything is in bloom, all the air has a breath of flowers. How beautiful it is! well, I will go out. No, I should be alone, and all this beauty, when one is alone, is worth nothing. What shall I do then? Read, write, pray, take a basket of sand on my head like that hermit-saint, and walk with it? Yes, work, work! keep busy the body which does mischief to the soul! I have been too little occupied to-day, and that is bad for one, and it gives a certain ennui which I have in me time to ferment."

A certain ennui which I have in me: her wound is there. In vain she follows the counsel of Fénelon: "If God tires you, tell Him that he tires you." No doubt she obtained great and frequent solace and restoration from prayer: "This morning I was suffering; well, at present I am calm, and this I owe to faith, simply to faith, to an act of faith. I can think of death and eternity without trouble, without alarm. Over a deep sorrow there floats a divine calm, a suavity which is the work of God only. In vain have I tried other things at a time like this: nothing human comforts the soul, nothing human upholds it:—

"A l'enfant il faut sa mère,
A mon ame il faut mon Dieu."

Still the ennui reappears, bringing with it hours of unutterable forlornness, and making her cling to her one great earthly happiness—her affection for her brother—with an intenseness, an anxiety, a desperation in which there is something morbid, and by which she is occasionally carried into an irritability, a jealousy, which she herself is the first, indeed, to censure, which she severely represses, but which nevertheless leaves a sense of pain.

Mdlle. de Guérin's admirers have compared her to Pascal, and in some respects the comparison is just. But she cannot exactly be classed with Pascal, any more than with Saint François de Sales. Pascal is a man, and the inexhaustible power and activity of his mind leave him no leisure for ennui. He has not the sweetness and serenity of the perfect saint; he is, perhaps, "der strenge, kranke Pascal,—the severe, morbid Pascal"—as Goethe (and, strange to say, Goethe at twenty-three, an age which usually feels Pascal's charm most profoundly) calls him; but

the stress and movement of the lifelong conflict, waged in him between his soul and his reason keep him full of fire, full of agitation, and keep his reader, who witnesses this conflict, animated and excited; the sense of forlornness and dejected weariness which clings to Eugénie de Guérin does not belong to Pascal. Eugénie de Guérin is a woman and longs for a state of firm happiness, for an affection in which she may repose: the inward bliss of Saint Theresa or Fénelon would have satisfied her; denied this, she cannot rest satisfied with the triumphs of self-abasement, with the sombre joy of trampling the pride of life and of reason underfoot, of reducing all human hope and joy to insignificance; she repeats the magnificent words of Bossuet, words which both Catholicism and Protestantism have uttered with indefatigable iteration: "*On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant—at the bottom of everything one finds emptiness and nothingness,*" but she feels, as every one but the true mystic must ever feel, their incurable sterility.

She resembles Pascal, however, by the clearness and firmness of her intelligence, going straight and instinctively to the bottom of any matter she is dealing with, and expressing herself about it with incomparable precision; never fumbling with what she has to say, never imperfectly seizing or imperfectly presenting her thought. And to this admirable precision she joins a lightness of touch, a feminine ease and grace, a flowing facility which are her own. "I do not say," writes her brother Maurice, an excellent judge, that I find in myself a dearth of expression: but I have not this abundance of yours, this productiveness of soul which streams forth, which courses along without ever failing, and always with an infinite charm." And writing to her of some composition of hers, produced after her religious scruples had for a long time kept her from the exercise of her talent; "You see, my dear Tortoise," he writes "that your talent is no illusion, since after a period I know not how long of poetical inaction, a trial to which any half-talent would have succumbed, it rears its head again more vigorous than ever. It is really heart-breaking to see you repress and bind down, with I know not what scruples, your spirit, which tends with all the force of its nature to develop itself in this direction. Others have made it a case of con-

science for you to resist this impulse, and I make it one for you not to follow it." And she says of herself, on one of her freer days: "It is the instinct of my life to write, as it is the instinct of the fountain to flow." The charm of her expression is not a sensuous and imaginative charm like that of Maurice, but rather an intellectual charm; it comes from the texture of the style rather than from its elements; it is not so much in the words as in the turn of the phrase, in the happy cast and flow of the sentence. Recluse as she was, she had a great correspondence: every one wished to have letters from her; and no wonder.

To this strength of intelligence and talent of expression she joined a great force of character. Religion had early possessed itself of this force of character, and reinforced it: in the shadow of the Cevennes, in the sharp and tonic nature of this region of southern France, which has seen the Albigenians, which has seen the Camisards, Catholicism too is fervent and intense. Eugénie de Guérin was brought up amidst strong religious influences, and they found in her a nature on which they could lay firm hold. I have said that she was not a saint of the order of Saint François de Sales or Fénelon; perhaps she had too keen an intelligence to suffer her to be this, too forcible and impetuous a character. But I did not mean to imply the least doubt of the reality, the profoundness, of her religious life. She was penetrated by the power of religion; religion was the master-influence of her life; she derived immense consolations from religion, she earnestly strove to conform her whole nature to it; if there was an element in her which religion could not perfectly reach, perfectly transmute, she groaned over this element in her, she chid it, she made it bow. Almost every thought in her was brought into harmony with religion; and what few thoughts were not thus brought into harmony were brought into subjection.

Then she had her affection for her brother: and this, too, though perhaps there might be in it something a little over-eager, a little too absolute, a little too susceptible, was a pure, a devoted affection. It was not only passionate, it was tender, pliant, and self-sacrificing to a degree that not in one nature out of a thousand—of natures with a mind and will like hers—is found attainable. She thus

united extraordinary power of intelligence, extraordinary force of character, and extraordinary strength of affection; and all these under the control of a deep religious feeling.

This is what makes her so remarkable, so interesting. I shall try and make her speak for herself, that she may show us the characteristic sides of her rare nature with her own inimitable touch.

It must be remembered that her journal is written for Maurice only; in her lifetime no eye but his ever saw it. "*Ceci n'est pas pour le public*," she writes; "*c'est de l'intime, c'est de l'âme, c'est pour un*." "This is not for the public; it contains my inmost thoughts, my very soul; it is for *one*." And Maurice, this *one*, was a kind of second self to her. "We see things with the same eyes; what you find beautiful, I find beautiful; God has made our souls of one piece." And this genuine confidence in her brother's sympathy gives to the entries in her journal a naturalness and simple freedom rare in such compositions. She felt that he would understand her, and be interested in all that she wrote.

One of the first pages of her journal relates an incident of the home-life of Le Cayla, the smallest detail of which Maurice liked to hear; and in relating it she brings this simple life before us. She is writing in November, 1834:—

"I am furious with the gray cat. The mischievous beast has made away with a little half-frozen pigeon, which I was trying to thaw by the side of the fire. The poor little thing was just beginning to come round: I meant to tame him; he would have grown fond of me; and there is my whole scheme eaten up by a cat! This event, and all the rest of to-day's history, has passed in the kitchen. Here I take up my abode all the morning and a part of the evening, ever since I am without Mimi.* I have to superintend the cook; sometimes papa comes down and I read to him by the oven, or by the fireside, some bits out of the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. This book struck Pierril† with astonishment. '*Que de mouts aquí dedins!*' What a lot of words there are inside it!" This boy is a real original. One evening he asked me if the soul was immortal; then afterwards, what a philosopher was? We had got upon great questions, as you see. When I told him that a philosopher was a person who was wise and learned: 'Then, mademoiselle, you are a philosopher.'

* The familiar name of her sister Marie.

† A servant boy at Le Cayla.

This was said with an air of simplicity and sincerity which might have made even Socrates take it as a compliment; but it made me laugh so much that my gravity as catechist was gone for that evening. A day or two ago Pierril left us, to his great sorrow: his time with us was up on Saint Brice's day. Now he goes about with his little dog, truffle hunting. If he comes this way I shall go and ask him if he still thinks I look like a philosopher."

Her good sense and spirit made her discharge with alacrity her household tasks in this patriarchal life of Le Cayla, and treat them as the most natural thing in the world. She sometimes complains, to be sure, of burning her fingers at the kitchen fire. But when a literary friend of her brother expresses enthusiasm about her and her poetical nature: "The poetess," she says, "whom this gentleman believes me to be, is an ideal being, infinitely removed from the life which is actually mine—a life of occupations, a life of household business, which takes up all my time. How could I make it otherwise? I am sure I do not know; and, besides, my duty is in this sort of life, and I have no wish to escape from it."

Among these occupations of the patriarchal life of the châtelaine of Le Cayla intercourse with the poor fills a prominent place:—

"To-day," she writes on the 9th of December, 1834, "I have been warming myself at every fireside in the village. It is a round which Mimi and I often make, and in which I take pleasure. To-day we have been seeing sick people, and holding forth on doses and sick-room drinks. 'Take this, do that;' and they attend to us just as if we were the doctor. We prescribed shoes for a little thing who was amiss from having gone barefoot; to the brother, who, with a bad headache, was lying quite flat, we prescribed a pillow; the pillow did him good, but I am afraid it will hardly cure him. He is at the beginning of a bad feverish cold, and these poor people live in the filth of their hovels like animals in their stable; the bad air poisons them. When I come home to Le Cayla I seem to be in a palace."

She had books, too; not in abundance, not for the fancying them: the list of her library is small, and it is enlarged slowly and with difficulty. The *Letters of Saint Theresa*, which she had long wished to get, she sees in the hands of a poor servant girl, before

she can procure them for herself. "What then?" is her comment: "very likely she makes a better use of them than I could." But she has the *Imitation*, the *Spiritual Works* of Bossuet and Fénelon, the *Lives of the Saints*, Corneille, Racine, André, Chenier, and Lamartine; Madame de Staël's book on Germany, and French translations of Shakespeare's plays, Ossian, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Scott's *Old Mortality* and *Red Gauntlet*, and the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Above all, she has her own mind; her meditations in the lonely fields, on the oak-grown hillside of "The Seven Springs;" her meditations and writing in her own room, her *chambrette*, her *délicieux chez moi*, where every night, before she goes to bed, she opens the window to look out upon the sky—the balmy moonlit sky of Languedoc. This life of reading, thinking, and writing, was the life she liked best, the life that most truly suited her. "I find writing has become almost a necessity to me. Whence does it arise, this impulse to give utterance to the voice of one's spirit, to pour out my thoughts before God and one human being? I say one human being, because I always imagine that you are present, that you see what I write. In the stillness of a life like this my spirit is happy, and, as it were, dead to all that goes on upstairs or down-stairs, in the house or out of the house. But this does not last long. 'Come, my poor spirit,' I then say to myself, 'we must go back to the things of this world.' And I take my spinning, or a book, or a saucepan, or I play with Wolf or Trilby. Such a life as this I call heaven upon earth." Tastes like these, joined with a talent like Mdle. de Guérin's, naturally inspire thoughts of literary composition. Such thoughts she had, and perhaps she would have been happier if she had followed them; but she never could satisfy herself that to follow them was quite consistent with the religious life, and her projects of composition were gradually relinquished.

"Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live. In spite of all that people say to the contrary, I feel that I cannot go beyond my needlework and my spinning without going too far: I feel it, I believe it: well, then, I will keep in my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be

allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in Heaven."

And again:—

"My journal has been untouched for a long while. Do you want to know why? It is because the time seems to me misspent which I spend in writing it. We owe God an account of every minute; and is it not a wrong use of our minutes to employ them in writing a history of our transitory days?"

She overcomes her scruples, and goes on writing the journal; but again and again they return to her. Her brother tells her of the pleasure and comfort something she has written gives to a friend of his in affliction. She answers:—

"It is from the Cross that those thoughts come which your friend finds so soothing, so unspeakably tender. None of them come from me. I feel my own aridity; but I feel, too, that God, when he will, can make an ocean flow upon this bed of sand. It is the same with so many simple souls, from which proceed the most admirable things; because they are in direct relation with God, without false science and without pride. And thus I am gradually losing my taste for books; I say to myself, 'What can they teach me which I shall not one day know in Heaven? let God be my master and my study here!' I try to make him so, and I find myself the better for it. I read little; I go out little; I plunge myself in the inward life. How infinite are the sayings, doings, feelings, events of that life! Oh, if you could but see them! But what avails it to make them known? God alone should be admitted to the sanctuary of the soul."

Beautifully as she says all this, one cannot, I think, read it without a sense of disquietude, without a presentiment that this ardent spirit is forcing itself from its natural bent, that the beatitude of the true mystic will never be its earthly portion. And yet how simple and charming is her picture of the life of religion which she chose as her ark of refuge, and in which she desired to place all her happiness;

"Cloaks, clogs, umbrellas, all the apparatus of winter, went with us this morning to Andillac, where we have passed the whole day; some of it at the curé's house, the rest in church. How I like this life of a country Sunday, with its activity, its journeys to church, its liveliness! You find all your neighbors on the road; you have a courtsey from every woman you meet, and then, as

you go along, such a talk about the poultry, the sheep and cows, and the good man and the children! My great delight is to give a kiss to these children, and to see them run away and hide their blushing faces in their mother's gown. They are alarmed at *las doumaïsélos*,* as at a being of another world. One of these little things said the other day to its grandmother, who was talking of coming to see us: '*Minino*, you mustn't go to that castle; there is a black hole there. What is the reason that in all ages the noble's château has been an object of terror? Is it because of the horrors that were committed there in old times? I suppose so.'

This vague horror of the château, still lingering in the mind of the French peasant fifty years after he has stormed it, is indeed curious, and is one of the thousand indications how unlike aristocracy on the Continent has been to aristocracy in England. But this is one of the great matters with which Mdlle. de Guérin would not have us occupied; let us pass to the subject of Christmas in Languedoc:—

"Christmas is come; the beautiful festival, the one I love most, and which gives me the same joy as it gave the shepherds of Bethlehem. In real truth, one's whole soul sings with joy at this beautiful coming of God upon earth,—a coming which here is announced on all sides of us by music and by our charming *nadalet*.† Nothing at Paris can give you a notion of what Christmas is with us. You have not even the midnight mass. We all of us went to it, papa at our head, on the most perfect night possible. Never was there a finer sky than ours was that midnight,—so fine that papa kept perpetually throwing back the hood of his cloak, that he might look up at the sky. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; besides, the air, as we met it, was warmed by the bundles of blazing torchwood which our servants carried in front of us to light us on our way. It was delightful, I do assure you; and I should like you to have seen us there on our road to church, in those lanes with the bushes along their banks, as white as if they were in flower. The hoar-frost makes the most lovely flowers. We saw a long spray so beautiful that we wanted to take it with us as a garland for the communion table, but it melted in our hands: all flowers fade so soon! I was very sorry about my garland; it was mournful to see it drip away and get smaller and smaller every minute."

* The young lady.

† A peculiar peal rung at Christmas-time by the church-bells of Languedoc.

The religious life is at bottom everywhere alike; but it is curious to note the variousness of its setting and outward circumstance. Catholicism has these so different from Protestantism! and in Catholicism these accessories have, it cannot be denied, a nobleness and amplitude which in Protestantism is often wanting to them. In Catholicism they have, from the antiquity of this form of religion, from its pretensions to universality, from its really wide-spread prevalence, from its sensuousness, something European, august, and imaginative: in Protestantism they often have, from its inferiority in all these respects, something provincial, mean and prosaic. In revenge, Protestantism has a future before it, a prospect of growth in alliance with the vital movement of modern society; while Catholicism appears to be bent on widening the breach between itself and the modern spirit, to be fatally losing itself in the multiplication of dogmas, Mariolatry, and miracle-mongering. But the style and circumstance of actual Catholicism is grander than its present tendency, and the style and circumstance of Protestantism is meaner than its tendency. While I was reading the journal of Mdlle. de Guérin, there came into my hands the memoir and poems of a young Englishwoman, Miss Emma Tatham; and one could not but be struck with the singular contrast which the two lives in their setting rather than in their inherent quality, present. Miss Tatham had not, certainly, Mdlle. de Guérin's talent, but she had a sincere vein of poetic feeling, a genuine aptitude for composition. Both were fervent Christians, and so far, the two lives have a real resemblance; but in the setting of them, what a difference! The Frenchwoman is a Catholic in Languedoc; the Englishwoman is a Protestant at Margate—Margate, that brick-and-mortar image of English Protestantism, representing it in all its prose, all its uncomeliness,—let me add, all its salubrity. Between the external form and fashion of these two lives, between the Catholic Mdlle. de Guérin's *nadalet* at the Languedoc Christmas—her chapel of moss at Easter-time—her daily reading of the life of a saint, carrying her to the most diverse times, places, and peoples—her quoting, when she wants to fix her mind upon the staunchness which the religious aspirant needs, the words of Saint Macedonius to a hunter whom he met

in the mountains, "I pursue after God, as you pursue after game"—her quoting, when she wants to break a village girl of disobedience to her mother, the story of the ten disobedient children whom at Hippo St. Augustine saw palsied;—between all this and the bare, blank, narrowly English setting of Miss Tatham's Protestantism, her "union in Church-fellowship with the worshippers at Hawley-Square Chapel, Margate;" her "singing with soft, sweet voice, the animating lines—

'My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below;'

her "young female teachers belonging to the Sunday school," and her "Mr. Thomas Rowe, a venerable class-leader,"—what a dissimilarity! In the ground of the two lives, a likeness; in all their circumstance, what unlikeness! An unlikeness, it will be said, is that which is non-essential and indifferent. Non-essential—yes; indifferent—no. The signal want of grace and charm in English Protestantism's setting of its religious life is not an indifferent matter; it is a real weakness. *This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone.*

I have said that the present tendency of Catholicism—the Catholicism of the main body of the Catholic clergy and laity—seems likely to exaggerate rather than to remove all that in this form of religion is most repugnant to reason; but this Catholicism was not that of Mlle. de Guérin. The insufficiency of her Catholicism comes from a doctrine which Protestantism, too, has adopted, although Protestantism, from its inherent element of freedom, may find it easier to escape from it; a doctrine with a certain attraction for all noble natures, but, in the modern world at any rate, incurably sterile,—the doctrine of the emptiness and nothingness of human life, of the superiority of renouncement to activity, of quietism to energy; the doctrine which makes effort for things on this side of the grave a folly, and joy in things on this side of the grave a sin. But her Catholicism is remarkably free from the faults which Protestants commonly think inseparable from Catholicism; the relation to the priest, the practice of confession, assume, when she speaks of them, an aspect which is not that under which Exeter Hall knows them, but which—unless one is of the num-

ber of those who prefer regarding that by which men and nations die to regarding that by which they live—one is glad to study. "*La confession*," she says twice in her journal, "*n'est qu'une expansion du repentir dans l'amour*:" and her weekly journey to the confessional in the little church of Cahuzac is her "*cher pèlerinage*;" the little church is the place where she has "*laissé tant de misères*:"—

"This morning," she writes one 28th of November, "I was up before daylight, dressed quickly, said my prayers, and started with Marie for Cahuzac. When we got there the chapel was occupied, which I was not sorry for. I like not to be hurried, and to have time, before I go in, to lay bare my whole soul before God. This often takes me a long time, because my thoughts are apt to be flying about like these autumn leaves. At ten o'clock I was on my knees, listening to words the most salutary that were ever spoken; and I went away feeling myself a better being. Every burden thrown off leaves us with a sense of brightness; and when the soul has laid down the load of its sins at God's feet, it feels as if it had wings. What an admirable thing is confession! What comfort, what light, what strength is given me every time after I have said, *I have sinned*."

This blessing of confession is the greater, she says, "the more the heart of the priest to whom we confide our repentance is like that divine heart which 'has so loved us.' This is what attaches me to M. Bories." M. Bories was the curé of her parish, a man no longer young, and of whose loss, when he was about to leave them, she thus speaks:—

"What a grief for me! how much I lose in losing this faithful guide of my conscience, heart, and mind, of my whole self which God had appointed to be in his charge, and which let itself be in his charge so gladly! He knew the resolves which God had put in my heart, and I had need of his help to follow them. Our new curé cannot supply his place: he is so young! and then he seems so inexperienced, so undecided! It needs firmness to pluck a soul out of the midst of the world, and to uphold it against the assaults of flesh and blood. It is Saturday, my day for going to Cahuzac; I am just going there, perhaps I shall come back more tranquil. God has always given me some good thing there, in that chapel, where I have left behind me so many miseries."

Such is confession for her when the priest is worthy; and, when he is not worthy, she

knows how to separate the man from the office :—

"To-day I am going to do something which I dislike ; but I will do it, with God's help. Do not think I am on my way to the stake ; it is only that I am going to confess to a priest in whom I have not confidence, but who is the only one here. In this act of religion, the man must always be separated from the priest, and sometimes the man must be annihilated."

The same clear sense, the same freedom from superstition, shows itself in all her religious life. She tells us, to be sure, how once, when she was a little girl, she stained a new frock, and on praying, in her alarm, to an image of the Virgin which hung in her room, saw the stains vanish : even the austere Protestant will not judge such Mariolatry as this very harshly. But, in general, the Virgin Mary fills, in the religious parts of her journal, no prominent place ; it is Jesus, not Mary. "Oh, how well has Jesus said : 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' It is only there, only in the bosom of God, that we can rightly weep, rightly rid ourselves of our burden." And again : "The mystery of suffering makes one grasp the belief of something to be expiated, something to be won. I see it in Jesus Christ, the Man of Sorrow. *It was necessary that the Son of Man should suffer.* That is all we know in the troubles and calamities of life."

And who has ever spoken of justification more impressively and piously than Mlle. de Guérin speaks of it, when, after reckoning the number of minutes she has lived, she exclaims :—

"My God, what have we done with all these minutes of ours, which thou, too, wilt one day reckon ? Will there be any of them to count for eternal life ? will there be many of them ? will there be one of them ? 'If thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it ?' This close scrutiny of our time may well make us tremble, all of us who have advanced more than a few steps in life ; for God will judge us otherwise than as he judges the lilies of the field. I have never been able to understand the security of those who place their whole reliance, in presenting themselves before God, upon a good conduct in the ordinary relations of human life. As if all our duties were confined within the narrow sphere of this world ! To be a good parent, a good

child, a good citizen, a good brother or sister, is not enough to procure entrance into the kingdom of heaven. God demands other things besides these kindly social virtues, of him whom he means to crown with an eternity of glory."

And, with this zeal for the spirit and power of religion, what prudence in her counsels of religious practice ; what discernment, what measure ! She has been speaking of the charm of the *Lives of the Saints*, and she goes on :—

"Notwithstanding this, the *Lives of the Saints* seem to me, for a great many people, dangerous reading. I would not recommend them to a young girl, or even to some women who are no longer young. What one reads has such power upon one's feelings ; and these, even in seeking God, sometimes go astray. Alas, we have seen it in poor C.'s case. What care one ought to take with a young person ; with what she reads, what she writes, her society, her prayers, all of them matters which demand a mother's tender watchfulness ! I remember many things I did at fourteen, which my mother, had she lived, would not have let me do. I would have done anything for God's sake ; I would have cast myself into an oven, and assuredly things like that are not God's will : he is not pleased by the hurt one does to one's health through that ardent but ill-regulated piety which, while it impairs the body, often leaves many a fault flourishing. And, therefore, Saint François de Sales used to say to the nuns who asked his leave to go barefoot : 'Change your brains, and keep your shoes.'"

Meanwhile Maurice, in a five years' absence, and amid the distractions of Paris, lost, or seemed to his sister to lose, something of his fondness for his home and its inmates ; he certainly lost his early religious habits and feelings. It is on this latter loss that Mlle. de Guérin's journal oftenest touches, —with infinite delicacy, but with infinite anguish :—

"Oh ! the agony of being in fear for a soul's salvation, who can describe it ! That which caused our Saviour the keenest suffering, in the agony of his Passion, was not so much the thought of the torments he was to endure, as the thought that these torments would be of no avail for a multitude of sinners ; for all those who set themselves against their redemption, or who do not care for it. The mere anticipation of this obstinacy and heedlessness had power to make sorrowful, even unto death, the Son of Man. And this feeling all Christian souls, according to the

measure of faith and love granted them, more or less share."

Maurice returned to Le Cayla in the summer of 1837, and passed six months there. This meeting entirely restored the union between him and his family. "These six months with us," writes his sister, "he ill, and finding himself so loved by us all, had entirely re-attached him to us. Five years without seeing us had perhaps made him a little lose sight of our affection for him; having found it again, he met it with all the strength of his own. He had so firmly renewed, before he left us, all family ties, that nothing but death could have broken them." The separation in religious matters between the brother and sister gradually diminished, and before Maurice died it had ceased. I have elsewhere spoken of Maurice's religious feeling and its character. It is probable that his divergence from his sister in this sphere of religion was never so wide as she feared, and that his reunion with her was never so complete as she hoped. "His errors were passed," she says, "his illusions were cleared away; by the call of his nature, by original disposition, he had come back to sentiments of order. I knew all, I followed each of his steps; out of the fiery sphere of the passions (which held him but a little moment) I saw him pass into the sphere of the Christian life. It was a beautiful soul, the soul of Maurice." But the illness which had caused his return to Le Cayla reappeared after he got back to Paris in the winter of 1837-8. Again he seemed to recover; and his marriage with a young Creole lady, Mdlle. Caroline de Germain, took place in the autumn of 1838. At the end of September in that year, Mdlle. de Guérin had joined her brother in Paris; she was present at his marriage, and stayed with him and his wife for some months afterwards. Her journal recommences in April, 1839; zealously as she had promoted her brother's marriage, cordial as were her relations with her sister-in-law, it is evident that a sense of loss, of loneliness, invades her, and sometimes weighs her down. She writes in her journal on the 4th of May:—

"God knows when we shall see one another again! My own Maurice, must it be our lot to live apart, to find that this marriage, which I had so much share in bringing about, which I hoped would keep us so much together, leaves us more asunder than ever? For the

present and for the future, this troubles me more than I can say. My sympathies, my inclinations, carry me more towards you than towards any other member of our family. I have the misfortune to be fonder of you than of anything else in the world, and my heart had from of old built in you its happiness. Youth gone and life declining, I looked forward to quitting the scene with Maurice. At any time of life a great affection is a great happiness; the spirit comes to take refuge in it entirely. O delight and joy which will never be your sister's portion! Only in the direction of God shall I find an issue for my heart to love, as it has the notion of loving, as it has the power of loving."

From such complainings, in which there is undoubtedly something morbid,—complainings which she herself blamed, to which she seldom gave way, but which, in presenting her character, it is not just to put wholly out of sight,—she was called by the news of an alarming return of her brother's illness. For some days the entries in her journal show her agony of apprehension. "He coughs, he coughs still! Those words keep echoing forever in my ears, and pursue me wherever I go; I cannot look at the leaves on the trees without thinking that the winter will come, and that then the consumptive die." Then she went to him and brought him back by slow stages to Le Cayla, dying. He died on the 19th of July, 1839.

Thenceforward the energy of life ebbed in her; but the main chords of her being, the chord of affection, the chord of religious longing, the chord of intelligence, the chord of sorrow, gave, so long as they answered to the touch at all, a deeper and finer sound than ever. Always she saw before her "that beloved pale face;" "that beautiful head, with all its different expressions, smiling, speaking, suffering, dying," regarded her always:—

"I have seen his coffin in the same room, in the same spot where I remember seeing, when I was a very little girl, his cradle, when I was brought home from Gaillac, where I was then staying, for his christening. This christening was a grand one, full of rejoicing, more than that of any of the rest of us; specially marked. I enjoyed myself greatly, and went back to Gaillac next day, charmed with my new little brother. Two years afterwards I came home, and brought with me for him a frock of my own making. I dressed him in the frock, and took him out with me along

by the warren at the north of the house, and there he walked a few steps alone, his first walking alone, and I ran with delight to tell my mother the news: 'Maurice, Maurice has begun to walk by himself!'—Recollections which, coming back to-day, break one's heart!"

The shortness and suffering of her brother's life filled her with an agony of pity. "Poor beloved soul, you have had hardly any happiness here below; your life has been so short, your repose so rare. O God, uphold me, establish my heart in thy faith! Alas, I have too little of this supporting me! How, we have gazed at him and loved him and kissed him—his wife, and we, his sisters; he lying lifeless in his bed, his head on the pillow as if he were asleep! Then we followed him to the churchyard, to the grave, to his last resting-place, and prayed over him, and wept over him; and we are here again, and I am writing to him again, as if he were staying away from home, as if he were in Paris. My beloved one, can it be, shall we never see one another again on earth?"

But in heaven?—and here, though love and hope finally prevailed, the very passion of the sister's longing sometimes inspired torturing inquietudes:—

"I am broken down with misery. I want to see him. Every moment I pray to God to grant me this grace. Heaven, the world of spirits, is it so far from us? Oh, depth, oh, mystery of the other life which separates us! I, who was so eagerly anxious about him, who wanted so to know all that happened to him,—wherever he may be now, it is over! I follow him into the three abodes, I stop wistfully in the place of bliss, I pass on to the place of suffering—to the gulf of fire. My God, my God, no! Not there let my brother be! not there! And he is not: his soul, the soul of Maurice, among the lost . . . horrible fear, no! But in purgatory, where the soul is cleansed by suffering, where the failings of the heart are expiated, the doubtings of the spirit, the half-yieldings to evil? Perhaps my brother is there and suffers, and calls to us amidst his anguish of repentance, as he used to call to us amidst his bodily suffering! 'Help me, you who love me.' Yes beloved one, by prayer. I will go and pray; prayer has been such a power to me, and I will pray to the end. Prayer! Oh! and prayer for the dead! it is the dew of purgatory."

Often, alas, the gracious dew would not fall: the air of her soul was parched: the arid wind, which was somewhere in the

depths of her being, blew. She marks in her journal the first of May, "this return of the loveliest month in the year," only to keep up the old habit: even the month of May can no longer give her any pleasure: "Tout est changé—all is changed." She is crushed by "the misery which has nothing good in it, the tearless, dry misery, which bruises the heart like a hammer."

"I am dying to everything. I am dying of a slow moral agony, a condition of unutterable suffering. Lie there, my poor journal! be forgotten with all this world which is fading away from me. I will write here no more until I come to life again, until God reawakens me out of this tomb in which my soul lies buried. Maurice, my beloved! it was not thus with me when I had *you*! The thought of Maurice could revive me from the most profound depression: to have him in the world was enough for me. With Maurice, to be buried alive would have not seemed dull to me."

And, as a burden to this funereal strain, the old *vide et néant* of Bossuet, profound, solemn, sterile:—

"So beautiful in the morning, and in the evening, *that*! how the thought disenchanting one, and turns one from the world! I can understand that Spanish grandee, who, after lifting up the winding-sheet of a beautiful queen, threw himself into a cloister and became a great saint. I would have all my friends at La Trappe, in the interest of their eternal welfare. Not that in the world one cannot be saved, not that there are not in the world duties to be discharged as sacred and as beautiful as there are in the cloisters, but . . ."

And there she stops, and a day or two afterwards her journal comes to an end. A few fragments, a few letters carry us on a little later, but after the 22d of August, 1845, there is nothing. To make known her brother's genius to the world was the one task she set herself after his death; in 1840 came Madame Sand's noble tribute to him in the *Revue des deux Mondes*; then followed projects of raising a yet more enduring monument to his fame, by collecting and publishing his scattered compositions: these projects, I have already said were baffled; Mlle. de Guérin's letter of the 22d of August, 1845, relates to this disappointment. In silence, during nearly three years more, she faded away at Le Cayla. She died on the 31st of May, 1848.

M. Trébutien has accomplished the pious task in which Mdlle. de Guérin was baffled, and has established Maurice's fame; by publishing this journal he has established Eugénie's also, she was very different from her brother; but she too, like him, had that in her which preserves a reputation. Her soul has the same characteristic quality as his talent,—*distinction*. Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it; it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its law.

This quality at last inexorably corrects the world's blunders, and fixes the world's ideals. It procures that the popular poet shall not finally pass for a Pindar, nor the popular historian for a Tacitus, nor the popular preacher for a Bossuet. To the circle of spirits marked by this rare quality, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin belong; they will take their place in the sky which these inhabit, and shine close to one another, *lucida cidera*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE NILE SONG.

As Sung at the Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, May 25, 1863, when it was announced that "the Nile was Settled."

HAIL to the chiefs who in triumph advancing
Bring us as trophy the Head of the Nile!
Light from the African Mystery glancing
Brightens the name of our Tight Little Isle.
Honor to Speke and Grant,
Each bold hierophant
Tells what the Ages have thirsted to know:
Loud at the R. G. S.
Sets out their great success
Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Theirs was no summer trip, scaling a mountain,
Making gilt picture-books, dear to the Trade;
Far in the desert-sand, seeking yon fountain,
Perilous tracks the brave travellers made.
They are no Longbows,
Who, south of Calbongos
And Galwen, discovered the source of the flow;
They need no rhyme-prater,
Their Line's the Equator,
Says Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Nor, boys, alone of the Nile fountain brag we,
Now of Ungoro the site we decide,
Now we know all of Uganda and Kragwé,
And how King Kamrasi must fatten his bride.
Stanford, of Charing Cross,
Swears by King Charles's horse,
Splendid addition his next map shall show:
"Travelled by Grant and Speke,"
Vainly he will not seek,
Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!

Shout, buffers, shout for the African Highlands,
Shout for Nyanza, the Lake on the Line!
Nile, that now wanders through silent and shy
lands,
Some day may roar like the Thames or the
Rhine.
While the Moon's Mountains stand,
Speke and Grant's gallant band

Down to posterity famous shall go:
And far below zero
Are Cæsar and Nero,
Cries Roderick vich Murchison, ho, ieroe!
—Punch.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—*To the Editor of The Times.*—Sir: The lustre of Captain Speke's brilliant achievement in settling once and forever the fact that the Lake Victoria Nyanza is the source of the Nile will not, I am sure, be impaired by the disclosure of the strange fact to which I wish by your permission to direct the attention of geographers,—the fact, namely, that this great lake is correctly laid down in an Atlas, published 116 years ago, by the name of the Lake Zambre, extending from the 4th to the 11th degree of S. latitude, and being about 400 miles by 60 in breadth, while the accompanying letter press in a very curious detailed account of the district distinctly states the fact that it is the source of the Nile and of two other great rivers.

The work in question is *The Complete System of Geography*, by Emanuel Bowen, geographer to his majesty, published in two vols., folio, in 1747. The Lake Zambre (alias Victoria Nyanza) will be found in the two maps inserted at pages 384 and 480, and this remarkable paragraph at page 482 under the head of "Congo proper":—

"This kingdom is watered by several rivers, the most considerable of which is the Zaire above-mentioned, otherwise called the great river of Congo, which Dapper says springs from three lakes. The first is called Zambre, out of which the Nile issues; the second Zaire, which forms the rivers Lelunde and Coanze, and the third is a lake made by the Nile; but the chief of all is the Zambre, which is as it were the centre from which proceed all the rivers in this part of Africa."

The fact that the true source of the Nile was thus accurately defined more than a century ago appears well worthy of record.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
T. HERBERT NOYES, JR.

Paxhill, June 6.

From The Spectator.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THERE is nothing more illustrative of the growth of the social life of England than the system of weights and measures now in use. It is a huge tree, which has developed itself in the open air, under sunshine, wind, and rain, untouched by the scissors of art, and unbiassed by scientific culture. Nearly all the sovereigns and parliaments of Great Britain, from the Conquest to the present time, have tried to regulate and adjust this multiform produce of ages; but it ever escaped their grasp, rewarding all attempts to create uniformity by shooting up in more luxurious disorder. It was enacted in Magna Charta that, "there shall be through our realm one weight and one measure," and the injunction was repeated by royal and legislative edicts innumerable, with the only ultimate effect that there are now at least a hundred different weights and measures. Every county, nay, every town and village in England, is happy in its particular standards of weight, capacity, and length. Slight difference in the latitude and longitude of a place will decide whether the measure called a bushel shall consist of one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, or seventy-three pounds, or eighty pounds, or seventy pounds, or sixty-three pounds, or only sixty pounds. The most universal article of consumption, wheat, is sold by the bushel of eight gallons at Saltash, in Cornwall, and of twenty stones at Dundalk, in Leinster; it is sold, in towns near to each other, by the load of five quarters, by the load of five bushels, and by the load of three bushels; by the load of four hundred and eighty-eight quarts at Stowmarket, in Suffolk, and of one hundred and forty-four quarts at Ulverston, in Lancashire. It is quite doubtful whether a so-called hundredweight shall contain one hundred and twenty pounds or one hundred and twelve pounds. By custom, a hundredweight of pork at Belfast is one hundred and twenty pounds; while at Cork it is one hundred and twelve pounds. The most popular of all measurements, the bushel, is fluctuating from five quarters in some places to four hundred and eighty-eight pounds in others, the quarter itself being an unsettled quantity, varying no less than from sixty pounds to four hundred and eighty. Nor is it even settled what is meant by a mile. The English mile

is 1,760 yards; the Scotch mile is one English mile and two hundred and seventeen yards; and the Irish mile is one English mile and four hundred and eighty yards. As to the smaller standards of weight and length used in trade and commerce, they are almost endlessly diversified. A grocer subdivides his pounds by sixteen; a goldsmith by twelve, twenty, and twenty-four; and an apothecary by twelve, eight, three, and twenty. Again, a firkin of butter is fifty-six pounds, and a firkin of soap sixty-four pounds; while a barrel of soap is two hundred and fifty six pounds, but a barrel of gunpowder only one hundred and twelve pounds. A sack of flour is twenty stone, and a sack of coal fourteen stone, or two hundred and twenty-four pounds. But the little matter as to what the term "stone" means is not at all settled, for a stone of butcher's meat or fish is eight pounds, a stone of cheese sixteen pounds, a stone of glass five pounds, and a stone of hemp thirty-two pounds. In sum total, there seem to be almost as many different weights and measures in this country as there are towns and villages and articles of commerce. It is the quintessence of individualism and self-government—enough, probably, to satisfy even Lord Stanley.

The history of the efforts made by successive governments, for the last six hundred years and more, to bring order and uniformity into this state of things is as curious as amusing. In the long struggle of central authorities with the spirit of individualism, the latter invariably ended by getting the upper hand, and not only defeated the objects of the former, but turned them in the very opposite direction. Scores of parliamentary commissions deliberated on the vexed question of weights and measures, and nearly every one finished the business by adding a few more to the multifarious standards already existing, instead of subtracting therefrom. The standards of measure and weight adopted by the people were always taken either from some part of the human body, such as the foot, the length of the arm, and the span of the hand, or from some natural objects, such as a barleycorn, or other kind of grain. But the early English sovereigns ordered the adoption of the yard, supposed to be founded upon the breadth of the chest of our burly Anglo-Saxon ancestors. The yard continued till the reign of Henry VII., when

the ell, being a yard and a quarter, or forty-five inches, was introduced by the trading Flemings and the merchants of the Hanse Towns. Subsequently, however, Queen Elizabeth brought the old English yard back to its post of honor, and had an imperial standard yard made of metal, and safely deposited in the Tower. After that, a series of parliamentary commissions began legislating upon the subject, increasing a hundredfold the confusion. Every generation saw a new standard springing up, based on the ever-changing size of barleycorns, or human feet and hands, and the ever-changeable state of human minds. Finally, by an Act passed in 1841, the Legislature annihilated all preceding legislations, abolished all natural standards of hands and feet and chest, and recommended reference to certain pieces of metal "enclosed in a case, hermetically sealed and embedded within the masonry of some public building, the place to be pointed out by a conspicuous inscription on the outside, and not to be disturbed without the sanction of an Act of Parliament." But the standard pieces, and the masonry, and the conspicuous inscription were never made; new parliamentary commissions took up the work of the old ones, changing it entirely; and so the thing has gone on till the present moment, the last "select committee appointed to consider the practicability of adopting a simple and uniform system of weights and measures" having been nominated as recently as the month of May, 1862. The labors of this youngest-born of select committees have been, of course, severe; and the evidence gathered in eighteen sittings was presented to the public in the shape of a tremendous blue-book of three hundred pages. It is about the fifteenth blue-book of the kind issued, and in whatever else parliamentary commissions may have been deficient, the literature of weights and measures which they have produced certainly weighs and measures something by this time.

In France, too, the confusion in weights and measures was great before the Revolution, but the Constituent Assembly of 1789 carried through a radical reform, as far as legislation was concerned, in the shortest possible time. The demand for uniformity being universally acknowledged, the Assembly, without further ado, resolved to apply a remedy, and for this purpose requested the Academy of Sciences to nominate a number

of learned men who should settle the matter. They appointed five, among them the famous trio Lagrange, Condorcet, and Laplace, and their report was laid before the Legislature at the end of a few months. The unit of length upon which they fixed was the ten-millionth part of the quadrant, or fourth of the meridian of the earth, which measure they proposed to call a metre, deducing therefrom, upwards and downwards, on the decimal system, all other standards of length, weight, and capacity. The scheme was beautiful in theory, and irreproachable from the philosophical point of view; and though it was well known that its practical execution would be productive of many unwelcome changes and much monetary embarrassment, the Assembly at once adopted it, postponing, however, the operation of the law for some years. Meanwhile, steps were taken to diffuse information on the subject; an immense quantity of tables and books were issued at nominal prices for the instruction of the general public, and everything was done to prepare the people for the coming change in the traffic of every-day life. A request had been previously sent to the English Government to co-operate in the great work, so as to bring about an international uniformity of weights and measures; but the invitation was declined with thanks on this side of the Channel. The French people themselves did not seem to admire the metric system at all in the commencement, and it took a long time before it found favor, particularly with the lower classes. The law came into force on the 1st of July, 1794; but so great was the resistance against it, even at the end of eighteen years, that the Emperor Napoleon found it necessary to agree to a thorough change of the system at a moment when a widely popular measure was required of him. On the 12th of February, 1812, his majesty issued a decree which virtually superseded the law of the Constituent Assembly, and authorized in all retail transactions the use of the eighth, the sixteenth, and the fourth as divisors, and also the old standard of weights and measures which were still in use throughout France. There were, therefore, now two systems of weights and measures legally established in France; and the two were used side by side for a quarter of a century, with the result that the philosophic metric system gradually got the upper hand,

driving the old practical one out of the field. The victory of science over habit and custom having thus been satisfactorily established, King Louis Philippe, in 1837, passed another law, repealing that of 1812, and rendering it penal, not only to use the old system, but even to keep the old weights and measures in shops, warehouses, or offices. Since then the system of Laplace and Condorcet has had all its own way, and at the present moment no other is known, even in the remotest districts of France. Most of the continental countries, among them Belgium, Holland, Sardinia, Tuscany, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Greece, have also adopted the metric system, and Russia is preparing to do the same. The Teutonic States of Europe, however, and with them Great Britain, have as yet withstood the voice of science, and kept to habit and custom. It is an exemplification of the whole growth of Teutonic life—abhorring violence, and adhering to the slow development of time and nature.

The parliamentary commission which discussed during last session the whole question of weights and measures decided that England, too, shall accept the metric system; but, under this proviso, "that no compulsory measures shall be resorted to until they are sanctioned by the general conviction of the public." To carry out the system, it is recommended that a "Department of Weights and Measures" be established in connection with the Board of Trade, entrusted with the conservation and verification of the standards, as well as the duty of making the metric system known to the public. To aid in this object, the Committee of Council of Education shall order the metric system to be taught in all the schools receiving Government grants; and it shall furthermore be included in papers of competitive examinations for the civil service. Lastly, Government shall sanction the use of the metric system in the levying of the Customs' duties; shall publish the statistics of income and expenditure in terms of the metric system, and shall interdict the employment of any other weights and measures but the metric and imperial, "until the metric has been generally adopted." All these recommendations of the select committee are evidently based on the experience gained by the introduction of the decimal system in France, in the two periods of 1794 to 1812, and 1812 to 1837. The fear of entering the road of compulsory legislation is

visible in every one of the revolutions, and goes to the extent of leaving even to the public the duty of giving names to the new weights and measures. On the important question whether the new standards of measurement which are henceforth to be in legal use, side by side with the old ones, shall be denominated by the Greco-French terms in use among our Gallic neighbors, or be described in good English words, the select committee is absolutely mute. Yet it is in this that lies the real difficulty of the matter. It was very justly observed by Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, one of the parliamentary commissioners in 1841, that it is much easier to change values than to change names; and Mr. Quincey Adams made the same remark while inquiring into the decimal system for introducing it into the United States. The great repugnance of the French people, for more than twenty years, to adopt the new law of weights and measures, was not so much owing to the alteration in values and quantities, but to that of names, which fact is abundantly proved by the whole literature on the subject published during the period from 1794 to 1812. But if the French did not like the long words "hectometre," "kilometre," "myriametre," "decimetre," and so forth, as denominating *mesurés*, and the words, "kilogramme," "kilolitre," etc., as describing weights, the English can far less be expected to adopt them with anything like good-will. Even in France many of the old names of weights and measures are still in daily use, although, as already said, the new system has been completely adopted. What would seem, therefore, most reasonable, is that before introducing metres and kilometres into this country as proposed by the last parliamentary commission, some idiomatic nomenclature should be settled and fixed upon, ready to be bestowed upon the strangers from abroad. The metric system, according to the select committee, must inevitably come upon us, for the simple reason that our present non-system has become cumbersome and inconvenient, and that as it would be unwise and almost impossible to invent a new one, all that remains is to adopt the system already in use over the greater part of Europe. "The metric system is ready made to our hands," is the sum total of parliamentary recommendations, which is undoubtedly true. But it is equally so that the Greco-Gallic names of the new system are by no means ready made to our tongues, and before gaining naturalization will have to go through the old Anglo-Saxon mill.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

SIBYL'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE gentlemen were still lingering over their wine or their conversation in the dining-room below, but the ladies had flocked upstairs into the little drawing-room, and were clustered over the ottoman and cushioned seats, which furnished the deep bay-window looking through the thick summer leafage of the trees in the Close towards the minster. The hour was drawing on towards sunset, the sunset of a rich August evening; and the crimson light that suffused the cloud-flakes of the sky reflected a soft roseate blush on all faces. These faces were five, two matronly, three youthful. Lady Anne Vernon, the dean's wife, and her widowed sister, Lady Mary Rivers, were the matrons; the maidens were their children, Julia and Isabel Vernon, and Sibyl Rivers.

Julia and Isabel Vernon were fine young women of four and five and twenty, well bred and well educated, but not dowered with the fatal gift of beauty; Sibyl Rivers was a spoilt child, lovely as a May morning, sweet as violets, fresh as dew; all manner of things fair and fragrant rose to the mind to compare with her.

The ladies' after-dinner talk was drowsy at the beginning, as such talk commonly is, but it brightened into vivacity by and by, over last night's race ball, where Sibyl had made her debut, and had achieved without effort that intoxicating triumph and success which are all the more delicious from being wholly unanticipated.

"Yes, Aunt Mary, Sir John Needham said, and Mr. Digby Stuart, whose word is law, solemnly agreed with him, that your Sibyl was the very prettiest three-year-old that had come out in Hillminster since Lady Raymond's year," said Julia Vernon, who was good-natured, and had no moral scruples about making Sibyl vain.

"If only this dear little head be not turned!" whispered Lady Mary, shaking her own as she stroked her daughter's glossy hair. The possessor of the dear little head in question shook it in reply, looking rosiely delighted; but just in the crisis of her happy blush she caught her cousin Isabel watching her with cold, scornful eyes, and shuddered as old wives say we shudder when some foot treads on the place of our grave that is to be.

'Twas so strange, so very strange she thought, this dread and repugnance she could not help feeling for Isabel; she remembered no sensation like it save one thrilling moment of terror in Wales, when she trod upon a snake, saw it rear its baleful head and hiss at her, then wriggle away through the tall grass, which stirred in its tops as the wind stirs it when it is low; and nestling lower amongst the cushions of the ottoman, she turned half away to avoid her cousin's gaze, and into the full light of the setting sun which wrapt her from head to foot in its warm glow.

"When you invited Aunt Mary and Sibyl out of their seclusion in Wales to enjoy the modest gaieties of Hillminster, you did not think you were introducing so dangerous a rival amongst the well-known belles of your own town and county, did you mamma?" went on Julia, appealing to Lady Anne with mock seriousness. "But you found out your mistake last night, when you saw how Sibyl's grace and newness piqued the jaded admiration of the men, while your own girls endured even more than their usual neglect. I always felt that mamma was deficient in the first qualifications of a chaperone, Aunt Mary, and we suffer for it."

"My dear Ju!" remonstrated her mother, but Lady Mary smiled kindly on her outspoken niece.

She saw a vista opening out from that crowded whirl where her dear little Sibyl shone brightest and fairest, ending in a good husband and a happy home such as her own married life had never known. For Lady Mary had made a runaway match with a handsome Irish subaltern, and she had been reaping the consequences ever since in penury and neglect. Lieutenant Rivers died when Sibyl was about ten years old; and since that event, which nobody but his ill-used wife deplored, she had hidden herself in Wales, teaching her child herself, and doing her best to avoid those errors in the training of her darling which had been the source of her own long trials and troubles.

Thus far Sibyl had answered well to her loving care. She was not by any means a perfect character, for pride was rank in her; her feelings were impetuous, her passions strong, and her will weak. But she had no small jealousies, no irksome vanities.

The dean had taken to her with a sponta-

neous kindness, Lady Anne Vernon caressed her, and her cousin Julia treated her with patient indulgence. Only Isabel stood coldly aloof. At first sight Sibyl had shrunk from her with a gesture of shuddering repulsion that was utterly inexplicable; for Isabel was prepared to give her as warm a welcome as the rest. She saw the expression of frightened antipathy, and was dismayed even more than she was bewildered. She could not interpret it, but neither could she forgive it. She laid up the remembrance secretly in her heart, unwitting yet of the soil fertile for evil in which she planted it: but it germinated there, and in due season brought forth leaf and bud, blossom and bitter poison-fruit, as all indulged hate and anger must unless God in his mercy give us grace and strength to pluck up the deadly growth by its roots.

Lady Anne Vernon had an evening party after the dinner, and as the rosy sunset yielded to twilight, the group ensconced in the pleasant window dropped off one by one to adjourn presently to the great drawing-room, where the coming guests were to be received. Some few arrived before the gentlemen made their appearance, the only noticeable person amongst them being old Sir Jasper Raymond's young wife.

Lady Raymond was the most popular woman in Hillminster. She had been popular as a girl, lovely and penniless, but she was even more popular now. She had had suitors galore, but the tale went, that with genuine feminine perversity she had set her heart on almost the only man of her acquaintance who was indifferent to her; which tale was not and could not be precisely correct, because no one save herself knew the true story of her love and her griefs, for the simple reason that she had never told it. But all the world was clear on one point—there had been *something* serious between her and Mr. Digby Stuart, of Alverston Priory, which had ended in *nothing*, and after an interval of a few months, her marriage at Nice with Sir Jasper Raymond was announced to the general confusion, surprise, and indignation of Hillminster. Why had she thrown herself away on a man of seventy? It was wicked, unnatural, monstrous! The men could not forgive the cruel sacrifice; the women, except a few, could not understand it.

Mr. Digby Stuart was still her friend, and

her husband's friend, but gossip had never meddled indiscreetly with such honorable names. He was in the dining-room of the deanery now, and soon after nine had struck from the minster tower, he came in with the rest of the gentlemen, made his cordial greeting to Lady Raymond as to others of the evening guests, and the shrewdest observer or the most idly malicious could have found no whisper of doubt to circulate over the manner of their meeting. They were two who, if they could not have met thus innocently and without pain, would have parted to the uttermost ends of the earth that they might never meet at all.

Mr. Digby Stuart was a fine-looking person, distinguished in bearing, and serious in countenance, but with some play of sarcasm about his mouth, and a kindly penetration in his steady gray eyes. There was a mystery about him that he did not marry, being past thirty, the head of an old family, and in possession of a good estate. Several romances explanatory of the riddle had been coined for him, the most popular of which was that he had been a changeling at his birth, and that only on condition of his leading a single life, and leaving the property at his death to the lawful heirs thereof, was he suffered to continue now in undisturbed enjoyment of it. This grotesque story was as far wide of the truth as it well could be; but it served the purposes of conversation now and then, and there were perhaps one or two persons who even believed it.

Twelve o'clock had struck some time before the last carriage rolled away from the deanery door on this memorable night, from which dates the beginning of that sorry jest played out in cruel earnest, which I am about to narrate. But when are the eyes of seventeen drowsy? Sibyl Rivers was as wakeful as at the beginning of the evening; and though her mother gently admonished her that she had better come to bed, she must needs adjourn for five minutes' talk to her cousins' room. The five minutes lengthened out to half an hour, during which Isabel Vernon found or invented occasion to make so many cold, disenchanting remarks, that the impression of pleasantness the evening had left on Sibyl's mind was quite rubbed off thereby.

"Mr. Digby Stuart says you are a pretty child," was one of these remarks. "He

asked how old you were, and was surprised to hear you were more than fifteen. It is time you dropped your baby airs, though they suit your dimples very well. Still affectation of naturalness is as much affectation as any other grace you might choose to put on, and it looks silly when girls are grown up to women."

Sibyl pouted like six years old; she paid no heed to the latter clause of her cousin's speech, but replied to the former part with visible pique. "Mr. Digby Stuart did not talk to me as if I were a child," said she.

"No? I saw you listening to him, as if his commonplaces were pearls of wisdom dropped from the lips of a god."

"Isabel! He was only inviting mamma to go over to luncheon at Alverston to-morrow, and to take me. She knew the priory long ago in his father's time, and he wants to show her the improvements. He is very kind, and I was pleased to think of the excursion."

"Well, don't be *too* pleased, and don't run away with any delusion that he is *too* kind; for it is his way to be kind to everybody. How exquisite Lady Raymond was to-night, Julia!"

"Perfect—she always is."

Sibyl stood smothering her indignation for a minute or two while the sisters discussed Lady Raymond's dress in detail, and then saying, as by an irresistible impulse, "Oh, Isabel, how you hate me!" turned to leave the room. Julia looked up startled and interrogative, but Isabel only laughed.

"You silly child, as if I could hate anything like *you*!" sneered she; throwing into the *you* as much significance of scorn as the monosyllable accentuated by her bitter lips could convey.

Sibyl felt at once ashamed of her impetuous speech, and with hot tears in her eyes and a passionate red on her cheek, she sobbed good-night, and rushed away to her mother. Come into that quiet, kindly presence, her first words were again, "How Cousin Isabel hates me!"

"My darling!" exclaimed Lady Mary, in a tone of deprecation, "you must not give way to such fancies. Why should your Cousin Isabel hate you?"

"I don't know, but I am sure she does!" was the emphatic reply.

"Hush, hush, Sibyl! Say your prayers, my child, and ask God to keep you loving and true. *Hate*, darling,—you don't know what *hate* means."

Alverston Priory was about six miles up the river from Hillminster, and though not important enough to be a show-place, it was still one of the best and handsomest houses in that part of the county—a house, as the neighborhood agreed, that only wanted a mistress to make it perfection.

Lady Mary Rivers and Sibyl drove thither the next day, escorted by Lieutenant George Lansmere, a nephew of Lady Mary's, the second son of her eldest brother, the present earl. George Lansmere was two-and-twenty, and held a commission in the cavalry regiment then stationed at Hillminster. It was very pleasant for the young officer in country-quarters to have a family of hospitable kinsfolk at the deanery. His cousins, Julia and Isabel, made much of him, and he submitted for some months to the flattering process with serene masculine assurance that such attentions were his due; but when Sibyl Rivers appeared on the scene he fell straightway into captivity to her bright eyes, and lost all thought and consideration for himself. He was genuinely and heartily in love, and to sit opposite the beaming face of his divinity, six miles out to Alverston and six miles home again to Hillminster, was, in the present state of his feelings, a paradisiacal delight. He was not a young man to set the world on fire, but he was honest and honorable; and Lady Mary Rivers, whose thoughts day and night rested in hopeful contemplation of her daughter's future, was by no means reluctant to encourage his tolerably evident pretensions.

By what mesmeric fatality is it that one man wins love unsought, possibly undesired, while another may wear himself out in devoted painstaking efforts to gain the faintest response to his passion and not succeed? From the first hour of Sibyl Rivers meeting with Mr. Digby Stuart, her fancy had been attracted; her thoughts insensibly followed it, and when George Lansmere began his wooing her heart was gone. Neither coquette nor flirt was Sibyl; she reflected never, she only *felt*; and when George was most eager and assiduous she repaid him with gentle smiles and sweet kindness to

compensate for her real indifference, and thus misled him perhaps further than the most elaborate wiles could have done.

On this day of her visit to Alverston Priory she was the same simple, childlike creature she had always been; a miracle of ignorance and unworldliness, with consciousness slowly awakening, and womanly instinct awakening with it, but utterly removed from speculation on possibilities or consequences. She was glad to be there; five minutes of listening to Mr. Digby Stuart's conversation with her mother, five minutes of slow sauntering by his side through the conservatory where he enriched her with a sprig of geranium, were sweeter in the passing and dearer in the remembrance than the longest and most joyous holidays of her past life.

It is hard work to amuse a preoccupied mind; and George Lansmere on the homeward drive was troubled twice or thrice with an intrusive suspicion that Sibyl was rather absent, but it never entered into his heart to conceive that she could be dreaming about that very grave and proud personage, the master of Alverston Priory. The dashing lieutenant of hussars would have felt small dread of such a rival, even had his imagination directed him to look out for any in that quarter; and when Sibyl announced to Lady Anne Vernon, on reaching the deanery, that they had had "a most charming day!" perhaps he may be excused for the pleasing delusion that his own presence had contributed materially to its delightfulness.

The first to detect poor Sibyl's secret was Lady Raymond, who, with the inexplicable freemasonry of women who love, read its subtle signs with deepest dismay. She tried to save the child by hints and warnings, and pretty parables involving much literal truth personal to herself; but the only effect of these attempts was to make Sibyl shy of her; and she had not the courage, even had she the right, to speak openly. For a moment, a little moment and no more, she watched Mr. Digby Stuart with a jealous regard, but in his manner to Sibyl there was nothing more than in his manner to other girls; and whatever food for her dreams she had was evolved purely out of her own fervent fancy. If it be a reproach to a woman to love unsought, and the popular voice has decided that it is, then had Sibyl Rivers incurred it heavily.

With Lady Raymond her pityful secret

was safe, but it soon passed into the possession of her cousin, Isabel Vernon, whose eyes were quickened to all opportunities of inflicting a quiet stab on the tender soul that instinctively distrusted her. She made the discovery in this wise:—One morning about midway the month of September, Mr. Digby Stuart rode over to the deanery to confer with the dean on some matter of public business. The ladies up-stairs in the little drawing-room heard of his arrival, and Lady Anne Vernon sent down a message to the library bidding him stay to luncheon. An answer was returned that he was sorry, but being in some haste he must despatch his business and go. When she heard this Sibyl vanished from her nest amidst the cushions of the ottoman, and a few minutes afterwards Isabel silently followed her. She had seen Sibyl's breast rise and fall, her color glow and fade during the passage of the messages to and fro between drawing-room and library, and a shrewd suspicion born of these emotional changes sprang into sudden and full vitality in her brain. "She is in love with Mr. Digby Stuart! Oh, the vain little Quixotic fool! She might as wisely cry for the moon at once!" thought she, and a mingling of something not unlike pity shot through her scorn; for Isabel's hate was not yet grown to that height which triumphs in the great calamity of its object, and much less was it grown to that height which expends itself in procuring such calamity.

Sibyl had betaken herself to her mother's room, whence, from the window in the high Gothic gable, she could see Mr. Digby Stuart ride through the Close, and then, over the tops of the houses in the precentor's court, watch him again if by chance he were returning at once to Alverston direct by the road; watch him a mile on his way until man and horse diminished to a mere speck in the distance. Isabel assured herself from her own window that he went that way; and then, passing through the pretty dressing-room that served Lady Mary Rivers as boudoir, she cautiously put aside the portière that separated it from the bedroom adjoining, and came upon Sibyl unawares—upon Sibyl lost in sweet reverie, leaning her forehead against the glass, straining her eyes after the fast diminishing figure on the white high road, and deaf and blind to everything outside the sphere of her own thoughts.

Isabel stood for a minute hushed and observant—time enough to repent, time enough to steal away, time enough to save her own soul from the first active step into a temptation that was to beguile her whither she would have shrunk from imagining even now; but the demon was strong in her at that instant, and stepping over the thick carpet with noiseless tread, she laid a hand on Sibyl's shoulder and whispered, with a laugh which made no pretence of masking her contempt, "I'm sure Mr. Digby Stuart would feel immensely flattered if he knew who takes such a tender interest in his comings and goings." Sibyl sprang back with an inarticulate sound between a cry and a sob, her visage blanched for a moment, then dyed scarlet with guilty blushes. She did not utter a word; and Isabel, eyeing her with a steady, sarcastic penetration, went on: "So this is the clue to your fits of pretty abstraction! I wish you joy of your love? Don't let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on your damask cheek; don't pine away in green and yellow melancholy, but let yourself go, let your hidden passion reveal itself. Men are mostly vain. If Mr. Digby Stuart were told who lavishes on him such deep devotion, his heart, though proverbially tough as bend leather, would surely yield."

"Isabel!" gasped Sibyl, in a tone and with a gesture which were of themselves an ample confession; and in that light her cousin understood, accepted, and responded to them.

"You have made me your confidant against your will," said she. "I don't covet the burden of sentimental secrets, but I suppose I must keep yours for the credit's sake of our sex. I declare I am very sorry for you, Cousin Sibyl; for to speak the honest truth I believe you have no more chance of winning a return to your feelings than I have of becoming Empress of China. If Mr. Digby Stuart had been inclined to marry, he would not have let Lady Raymond slip through his fingers; and compare Lady Raymond with yourself. How came you ever to indulge in such a cruel delusion as that you could rival her?"

"I don't know; I don't know," muttered Sibyl, her lips parched, her eyes fixed, her heart in her bosom growing colder and heavier at every word until it was cold and heavy as clay.

"Have you told aunt Mary?"

"No;" and Sibyl turned away from her questioner to hide the passion of tears she could no longer repress.

"If you do not wish all the world to know, you must exercise self-control; you must be on your guard," said Isabel, after a short pause. "There is nothing that lays a girl more open to ridicule than the imputation that she has fallen in love with a man who has shown her no preference; and I am sure Mr. Digby Stuart has shown you none. Hush! this is like a baby! Don't let us have all the gossips in Hillminster set a-chatter! I'll lock the door, and then you can cry your cry out; but I hope nobody will come."

Nobody did come, and Sibyl's agony had its way. Isabel brought her some sal volatile and water to drink, and stood over her putting in words of wisdom and counsel at every lull in the storm; and when it was spent bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair, dressed her for a walk round the Close, tied a veil under her chin, and carried her off finally to evening prayers at the minster, without exciting a word of remark, so matter-of-fact and quiet were her manoeuvres. Sibyl felt very humble and grateful now, in spite of her distrust. The reaction after her excitement left her depressed, shame-stricken, and trembling. Till to-day her secret had been the glory of her youth—now it was its bitterest blot. She could never have imagined the tortures that she felt because of it. Isabel had put it before her in its ugliest light. "If you betray me I shall die!" was her often reiterated moan. "If you betray me I shall die!"

Isabel experienced no pain at seeing her suffer; she was drifting before the evil impulses to which she had yielded at the beginning, and her heart, without preconcerting plans to harm the child, readily adopted the opportunities that circumstances presented. Had Sibyl been bolder or less ingenuous, she would have stubbornly denied the charge, but it was now fully admitted, and she lay at her cousin's mercy. It seemed to her just then that though Isabel spoke satirically she was practically kind. "What should I do without you?" sighed she as they returned homewards across the Close. "Oh, what should I do without you?"

"It appears to me that you would still rather have kept your secret to yourself," was Isabel's response.

"Oh, yes! It did not make me wretched or afraid; it was easier to bear when no one knew it. Isabel, if you betray me I shall die!" That became Sibyl's one idea now—*concealment*. The unveiling of her love had profaned it, made it an absurdity, a mockery—something to be utterly, profoundly, and forever ashamed of. *He* would despise it—despise her for giving it; so Isabel had told her, and Isabel knew how the world and the men of the world spoke of such unsought love. Henceforward Isabel must be her screen, her safety, her adviser; and if Isabel betrayed her she should die!

There was a dinner-party at the deanery that evening, consisting chiefly of the clergy and their wives, but George Lansmere was coming, and the dean had added Mr. Digby Stuart to the number of guests by an invitation given that morning and accepted conditionally. "It is not certain that he will be able to come," said the dean, only mentioning his impromptu invitation to Lady Anne when they assembled in the drawing-room before dinner. "It is not certain that he will be able to come, but I want him to meet Danvers—they were both Christchurch men, and of the same year." Danvers—the Reverend Canon Danvers—was the canon newly come into residence, and also newly come into office; a stranger to Hillminster, but not to the diocese; a widower with two boys, and considerable private means independent of the emoluments of his position—a great acquisition in every way to the society of a cathedral town.

Sibyl heard the dean's announcement with a shudder; she turned hot, then cold, then glanced timidly towards Isabel, who was looking away from her, and making conversation with her sister over a new song. Presently the company began to arrive, George Lansmere as usual being the earliest. The young officer had not made satisfactory progress with Sibyl since the day of the drive to Alverton, and was sometimes almost like to be disheartened over his prospects. She was very uncertain; one day sweet and summery, the next, shy, impatient, or repellent. He had opened his mind to Lady Mary, who had exhorted him to have patience, and had privately lectured Sibyl on her capriciousness, and at this point they continued stationary; George's reflection being—"I don't think she cares for me, she has a fancy for some one

else;" and her mother's equally grave and anxious, "I cannot understand why Sibyl does not take to George, unless she has conceived a secret attachment to some other person."

Mr. Digby Stuart did come, but not until he had been waited for ten minutes, and, while apologizing to Lady Anne Vernon for his tardiness, he continued to hold in his hand a spray of beautiful white flowers, very rare and choice, and of exquisite perfume, which he presently offered to Sibyl.

"It is the first bloom," said he. "You wished to see it in flower, if you recollect; and I promised you the earliest branch that came out in perfection." Sibyl blushed, and accepted it with shy eagerness which escaped notice then, but which was pitifully remembered later; and in spite of all the foregone miseries and humiliations of the day, she felt inexpressibly happy until she caught Isabel watching her with cold eyes of scorn. "Delirious little fool!" Isabel thought, and her glance expressed her thought. She hated Sibyl vehemently, actively, at that instant, for her childish elation; and Sibyl, shrinking within herself again under her freezing contempt, felt all her temporarily vanished distrust return.

As luck or ill-luck would have it, Sibyl's place at dinner was between Mr. Digby Stuart and the new canon, and Isabel's place was opposite, between George Lansmere and a fat old married rector, very loquacious and fond of his jest. The natural consequences ensued. When the ladies returned to the drawing-room, Sibyl was pleasantly excited, and Isabel was dull, tired, and cross. Then again, in the drawing-room, Sibyl's gift, which her mother tenderly insisted on fixing in her hair, became a nucleus of conversation which ranged away to Alverton itself, coming round ever and again to that spray of white blossoms. "What a fuss about a flower!" said Isabel; "it was to be seen at Kew three years ago." She demolished the novelty of the flower; but she suggested to one or two commonplace minds then present that she was jealous of the distinction Mr. Digby Stuart had conferred on her pretty cousin.

That night, when the guests dispersed, Sibyl went straight to her mother's room. She would have given much to have her secret all to herself again; for she was afraid of Isabel. She took the white flower from her hair, and put it into a glass of water,

first touching the sweet blossoms tenderly with her lips; a happy gleam passed over her face as she indulged in this caress, but it soon vanished, and the weary sadness that succeeded it was very pathetic. She knelt so long at her prayers that Lady Mary, at ease in her mind, tired and comfortable, fell fast asleep on her pillow, and only awoke in the dead of the night to hear Sibyl shuddering and sobbing in her dreams, and uttering broken words of piteous entreaty, the only sense of which to her mother's ears was—"If you betray me, I shall die; oh, Isabel, if you betray me, I shall die!" Lady Mary closed no eye again until Sibyl had been roused from her nightmare of dread, and had poured the story of her love and her grief into her mother's breast.

The following morning when Isabel met her aunt, she perceived at once that her interference with Sibyl was known and the manner of it strongly disapproved. She expected that Lady Mary would speak to her on the subject, but she did not, and then Isabel understood that it was to be left undiscussed. Sibyl was very quiet and subdued all day, and in the evening Lady Mary began to talk about carrying her off to the seaside for a week or two before the cold autumnal winds began to blow—Sibyl was so fond of the sea. Isabel listened with a silent, expressive sneer, but Julia good-humoredly expostulated, saying that Lady Mary must not keep her cousin away from the October ball.

"I don't care for the October ball," sighed Sibyl, who would have done better not to have spoken just then.

"Eh, what?" cried the dean. "Not care for the October ball—the best ball of the year! Lady Mary, you must look after your missykin, who expresses such unnatural sentiments, or the next news will be that she has fallen in love at cross-purposes like the heroine in a novel!"

Sibyl grew scarlet, others looked confused too, and an awkward silence ensued, which was not broken until somebody proposed music. The rest of the evening passed off without incident.

Of course, as soon as they were in private Lady Anne Vernon asked explanation of her sister's sudden resolve; she was told that it was on Sibyl's account.

"I think it wise to take her away from Hillminster—at any rate, for a little while;

for she has conceived an attachment that is never likely to prosper. Unless Isabel has told you, you will hardly guess for whom," said Lady Mary.

"Is it Mr. Digby Stuart?"

"Yes. But how do you know it?"

"The idea came into my head last night, and but for certain other circumstances I could imagine he had a predilection in her favor too. I am sure he admires her, and if he were free to marry, which from past events it is commonly supposed he is not, I would never advise you to take her out of the way. I am sorry for you, Mary; I wish she could have loved George, poor child!"

And then it was decided that Sibyl had better go; whether ever to return to Hillminster or not, might be left for subsequent consideration. But she could not go for several days yet. Ladies travel with impediments which cannot be packed up at a moment's notice, and during those several days occurred certain circumstances which, trivial as they were in themselves, tended to increase the feverish ill-feeling of Isabel. She had acted a cruel part by Sibyl in making her feel herself degraded by her secret love, and Lady Mary's displeasure and resentment were evident. Then Mr. Danvers came to call, bringing his two pretty boys, and during his chat with Lady Anne Vernon, he committed them especially to Sibyl's care, and they made friends with her sweet face at once. Again, each afternoon on one pretence or another came poor George Lansmere, like a demented moth fluttering round a candle-flame that is dropping low in the silver socket; and though such frequent visits were unusual, Mr. Digby Stuart was to and fro every day between Hillminster and Alverston, and twice the dean brought him in to luncheon. Then he met Lady Mary and Sibyl in the High Street, attended them on a shopping expedition, and conducted them home to the deanery when it was over. The next morning he dropped in at eleven o'clock, and sat chatting in the little drawing-room for an hour with the girls.

"I don't know what to think, I never knew him do such a thing before," said Lady Anne, musingly, to her sister. "If it means anything, he will not be frustrated by your carrying Sibyl off, depend upon that. He will either follow you or write."

Lady Mary indulged in the pleasures of hope, too; she was very willing to believe

what she would have liked to be true. Isabel looked on with jealous rage. Sibyl was almost happy, almost herself again, during those final days at the deanery; her child-like love was easily fed and satisfied.

"You are in a state of beatitude now; take care, or you will have to repent it in dust and ashes!" said Isabel to her, with a vicious glance and a tone of anything but blessing.

"O Isabel, how you do hate me!" was Sibyl's indignant rejoinder.

This was on the last night of their being together. The next morning Isabel went out at a quarter before ten to minister prayers, and during her absence Lady Mary Rivers and her daughter left. The cousins thus parted without good-byes. Neither had good-by been said to Mr. Digby Stuart.

"He does not know where we are going, does he, mamma?" Sibyl asked on their way to the station.

"No, darling! he is not aware of our leaving Hillminster, unless you have told him."

"I have not told him, mamma."

"If he wishes to know he can find out by inquiring at the deanery. Aunt Anne has our address."

The same evening Lady Mary Rivers and Sibyl were at home in their pleasant lodgings at Scarbro.

Two days passed over without incident, bright September days, sunny in fading woods, sunny on lake-like sea. On the third night the wind changed and blew for a storm. On the third morning a heap of letters was brought in by the landlady and ranged on the breakfast-table. When Lady Mary Rivers came down-stairs with Sibyl, she took them all in her hand, looked them over, and tossed one lightly across to her daughter, saying: "From your Cousin Isabel;" and then with a half-sigh of disappointed expectation opened another from Lady Anne Vernon, and plunged into its closely written pages, where she found enough to interest her, and take her attention entirely away from Sibyl, until she heard her cry in a voice of thrilling delight, "Mamma, mamma!" when, looking round, she saw her clutching her letter to her bosom, while her face grew rosy with blushes and her eyes glistened through tears of unutterable joy.

"What is it, my own darling?"

Sibyl came and knelt down by her mother, and put the letter into her hands.

"My happy child, my fortunate child!" murmured Lady Mary as she read it. "My happy child, my fortunate child! How shall I thank heaven enough for sparing you the anguish of a wasted love?"

The letter was a proposal of marriage to Sibyl from Mr. Digby Stuart, couched in almost romantically tender terms; full of affectionate enthusiasm and professions of unalterable fidelity—a lover's letter to a girl of whose responsive love he entertains not the slightest doubt; a little reproachful now and then that she should have left Hillminster without warning him; but only reproachful as by right. Lady Mary remembered her Irish subaltern and her own courting days as her eye ran swiftly along the sweet, fervent lines, and blessed God who had given her darling such a joyful lot when she seemed to be hanging on the brink of a woman's sorest tragedy. It was a morning of quite delirious happiness for them both. Outside the rain lashed vehemently, the wind ravened, the sea was churned into yeasty mountains of foam; but indoors hope and love reigned supreme. Sibyl must answer her letter, and she needed no teaching how; her heart bade her respond to it with honest joy, and Lady Mary could not find it in hers to curb the sweet utterance of such pure and fond affection. So the letter was written and sent, Sibyl carrying it to the post herself through the blustering storm, and her mother, after a gentle, ineffectual remonstrance, accompanying her.

By night she seemed to have lived half a life since the blissful morning, and by night she was a little weary; glad to lie by the fire and dream silently over her glorious happiness. Lady Mary watched her with tender satisfaction, and suffered her to rest a long while undisturbed; but at length she asked, "By-the-by, Sibyl, what news had you from your Cousin Isabel? I did not remember to inquire before."

"I had no letter from Cousin Isabel; I had no letter but *this*." *This* was warmly hidden somewhere in the bosom of her dress.

"Indeed! the address struck me as being like her hand: she does write a bold hand like a man's."

Sibyl drew out the precious document to

consider it, and took the opportunity of reparsing it down to the last dear word. By that time she had forgotten her Cousin Isabel and all about her; and with a kiss on the signature, and a sigh of intense joy, she restored it to its safe hiding-place, and fell into another delicious reverie.

All that night the winds beat and the tempest raged. Wrecks, broken wrecks, drifted in upon the strand, and still the gale gathered and grew until the morning.

"It has been an awful night," said Lady Mary; "and it is an awful morning. God have pity on all poor souls at sea!" She was standing at the window, gazing out on the writhing trees and shrubs of the cliff-gardens, and Sibyl stood by her with hand and chin resting on her mother's shoulder. Lady Mary, turning round by-and-by from her dreary contemplation, saw tears standing in her child's eyes, and asked, with sudden anxiety, what ailed her darling.

"I don't know, mamma, but I have had such cruel dreams. I cannot recall them, but I feel the pain, the dreadful pain and oppression of them yet," was the grievous reply; and then the brimming tears overflowed and fell.

Lady Mary did not try to rally Sibyl out of her weeping mood; a strange sense of trouble impending took possession of herself. She endeavored to reason it down, and to think this depression was a simple consequence of yesterday's excitement; but do what she would, or say what she would, her feeling of uneasiness increased. She had a presentiment, as people say, that something was going to happen. "If it were fit weather we would walk on the cliff and get these cobwebs blown out of our brains," said she, as they sat down to breakfast. "How the blast howls in the chimney! I never heard it howl as it howls here."

So Lady Mary fancied; but the storm that was raging over Scarbro was raging all over the county, and all over the kingdom. Through the windy towers of Hillminster and through the creaking fir-woods at Alverston howled the blasts, with the same hoarse triumph as they howled round about the house by the sea, where she and Sibyl sat watching the livelong day.

At Hillminster all went on in the regular routine; at Alverston the master came downstairs in the morning quietly non-expectant,

like a man who has little to hope and little to fear, either from the world within or the world without. The post-bag lay on the table, but he went first to the window and scanned the weather, noted how the great trees swayed and bent before the long rush of the storm, then rose erect and tossed their wild hair, as if in frantic defiance of their tormentors.

The entrance of a servant bringing in breakfast caused him to relinquish his survey; and before seating himself at the well-spread table he unlocked the bag and drew forth its contents—*The Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, and a dozen or more letters, amongst them Sibyl's, conspicuous in its delicate, bluish-tinted envelope. It was so different from the rest that Mr. Digby Stuart naturally singled it out, paused a moment over the unfamiliar writing, and then broke the seal. The servant had quitted the room, and he was alone—fortunately alone. As he read the first few lines a feeling of utter bewilderment came over him; he turned the page to look at the signature, and then a dark flush suffused his face, which deepened and deepened as the sense of the letter forced itself on his understanding, until no girl ever showed more cowed with shame and confusion than did he.

"What an infamous jest!" was his low-spoken comment. "What a cruel, infamous jest!"

Mr. Digby Stuart was not a vain man, but he knew at once this letter was no forgery; it was the naïve, happy response of an innocent girl to some base fabrication that had been but too successfully imposed upon her in his name. If he had been her mother he could not have felt more indignant and more pitying. Not a grain of contempt mingled with wrath. "If it lay with me only to prevent it, she should never know what a wicked trick has been played upon her. She is a good little thing. It was such a pleasure to look at her blithe face, to listen to her blithe tongue!" He was about to take up the letter and read it again, but he checked himself—"What can I do? what ought I to do?" groaned he. "It is some woman, some malicious, bad woman who hates her, that has done it." He sat a long while considering, his breakfast untouched, his other letters unopened; and the longer he considered, the more painful and perilous appeared the way out of this atrocious dilemma. "I'll

ride over to Hillminster, and consult Jessie; I must prevail on her to undertake it. I dare not face Lady Mary; and as for this child," he paused, with an exclamation of intolerable compassion and rage, his hand on the letter containing her fond confession, her innocent, joyous reciprocation of all the tender things said to her in the fictitious epistle which she had received as from himself. He rang the bell, and gave orders to have his horse saddled and brought round to the door within ten minutes; and at the end of that time he was mounted and galloping away to Hillminster, through the driving rain.

Sir Jasper Raymond's house was in the Cloose, not far from the deanery, and Mr. Digby Stuart's appearance there before ten o'clock in such inclement weather gave rise to some speculations amongst the inmates of other stately dwellings about the minster, who happened at that hour to be taking note of what was passing out of doors. He dismounted, drenched and dripping, and, asking for Lady Raymond, was ushered into the library, where she joined him almost immediately.

"Jessie, I want your help," said he, advancing to meet her as she entered.

"It is always at your service, Philip; what is your present need? Sit down, pray; you look ill."

"Some person has played off a sorry jest upon Lady Mary Rivers' daughter and myself. I hardly know how to tell even you, Jessie, it is so cruelly mortifying; and I am at my wits' end how to act. Sibyl has written me a dear little letter in answer to one she believes me to have written to her, of which, God knows, I never thought or penned a line."

"It is Isabel Vernon," said Lady Raymond.

"*Isabel Vernon!* Her own cousin! A woman who must have known the sweet, innocent thing she is."

"Yes; Isabel hates Sibyl—only her own bitter heart can tell why—and this is her shameful revenge. The poor girl betrayed her secret to me early; and Isabel's sharp eyes spied it out a week ago. Let me see Sibyl's letter, then I can advise you better what steps to take."

Mr. Digby Stuart gave it reluctantly, but he did give it; and as Lady Raymond read it, womanly tears glittered in her eyes. Her

sole comment, as she came to the conclusion, was—"If you were free, Philip, I would bid you make her your wife; you could not have a dearer or a better."

"But I am not free," was his response.

"You were kind to her; I observed that you liked to be near her, listening to her songs and her prattle."

"Yes, yes; I am conscious of it now. She pleased me—there can be no blame attached to her. Many a man has offered marriage to a woman, and been accepted on slighter grounds than I gave her. But, Jessie, it is not to excuse her I am here now—she needs no excuse to me of all the world. It is to entreat you to be my mediator; to entreat you to see Lady Mary, and explain the cruel jest that has been played upon the child. If any sacrifice within my power could spare it to them I would make it, but I am fast bound hand and foot."

Lady Raymond was frightened at his proposition. "Would it not be easier to compel Isabel Vernon to write, and own to her wicked mischief?" suggested she.

"Easier for us, certainly, but not for Sibyl or her mother. You have kind ways, Jessie; if any one can soften the pain of wounded love and pride, you can. Let me burn her poor little letter; it is sacred as a surprised secret of life and death." He took a few perfumed twigs from a spill-case on the chimney, lighted them at the fire, and held the letter in the flame, until it shrunk into tindery film, and fluttered down upon the ashes of the hearth.

"You wish me to go to them, and to-day?" said Lady Raymond.

"Yes, Jessie, I am requiring a hard thing of you!"

"My heart aches for Sibyl, Philip; have I not known the sorrow? but mine was the sorrow without the cruel shame that will embitter hers. I know not how she will bear it, for she is as proud and pure as she is passionate and tender. Isabel Vernon has one plea for her baseness—she does not know what love means. No woman who has ever loved could have played this sorry jest in such deadly earnest."

"Isabel Vernon's part can wait. You will go to Sibyl and Lady Mary?"

"Yes. Sir Jasper is not ailing much this morning; you must keep him company in my absence, and explain as far as needs. If I

prepare now, I can start by the noon train which reaches Scarbro about five."

"God bless you, Jessie! you are a good woman. Trouble has made you very pitiful?" They shook hands on it, trusty friends now, who had been lovers once, and in half an hour Lady Raymond was on her way.

At Scarbro the hours had been strangely long with Sibyl and her mother; and neither had done much to occupy them. Sibyl watched the rain, and the trees, and the sea, with folded hands on her lap and frequent sighs. When it began to darken, Lady Mary bade her come away from the window to the fireside; but she either did not heed or did not hear, for she was still cowering within the curtains when the maid arrived to close them, and brought in lights. The room-door was left ajar while the young woman performed her duties, and during that moment a voice was heard on the stairs which caused Sibyl to start to her feet and cry: "It is Lady Raymond. Why does she come here?"

Her mother had no time to answer before Lady Raymond entered with an ineffectual pretence of ease which she soon dropped. She kissed Sibyl, who stood on the spot where she had risen and made no advance to greet her, and then seated herself beside Lady Mary, keeping fast hold of her tremulous hand.

"Tell us," whispered the mother faintly, glancing towards her daughter. "I guess, but tell us quickly."

"Lady Mary, that love-letter Sibyl replied to yesterday was not written by Mr. Digby Stuart, but by her cousin Isabel Vernon," answered Lady Raymond, forcing out the words with a choking sensation. She could not have added another syllable to soften them if her own life had depended on it, and for the next five minutes there was not a sound in the room. Lady Mary was the first to break the silence.

"Where is that letter, Sibyl? Let us show it to Lady Raymond," was what she said. Sibyl neither moved nor spoke. "My darling, give me the letter," repeated her mother, rising and going to her. Still Sibyl was mute and motionless. Her mother took it out of her bosom; she neither resisted nor uttered a word. Her mother kissed her cooingly as she would have kissed a baby, but she might as well have kissed a face of stone. "What

is it? What ails her, Lady Raymond?" stammered she, greatly alarmed.

"It must be the shock; let us lay her down; when she gets leave to cry she will be better." So they laid her down, and where they laid her there she remained, never closing eye or moving limb or lip, suddenly stricken as by a total suspension of every sense, every faculty. They watched by her the night through, and there was no change. They watched by her till the morning, and there was no change. They watched by her through the sunny autumnal day that came after the storm, and there was no change when the sun went down; there was no change any more on earth in the breathing statue that had been instinct once with youth and joyous love, and all the hopes of life in blossom-time.

And how did it all end? This is a true tale, and therefore it can have no end in particular; no neat tying up of loose tags; no decisive sentences of moral or poetical justice.

"I did it in jest. I never expected the letter would deceive her or Aunt Mary either," was Isabel Vernon's quivering defence when her work was brought home to her. Good-natured persons gave her the benefit of the doubt.

Sibyl survived several years. Many expedients were devised to rouse her; cruel expedients they may seem to us. For a little while she was parted from her mother, and during that period Mr. Digby Stuart and her Cousin Isabel were introduced into her presence, with some vague hope that the sight of them might break the spell that held fast-bound her powers of volition. All in vain. They were *alike* to her; him she had loved, and the woman who had done worse than slay her! Isabel disguised herself carefully in her dread of recognition; she need not have dreaded it; Sibyl did not know her own mother.

After a time, professional treatment failing, and the poor soul being quite harmless, Lady Mary took her home again, and they lived in an old-fashioned house, inclosed in a walled garden, in one of the quiet suburbs of Hillminster. George Lansmere once begged to be allowed to see her. "Why give yourself the pain, my dear boy?" Lady Mary said. "She will not remember you, nor will

you remember her." But he did; he saw sweet Sibyl still in that passive figure sitting in the sun, burnt-brown her face as a gleaner's in the harvest-fields, with short rusted hair, and wide pathetic eyes, in which there was no expression but the expression of an animal, wounded, and in desperate pain. Whether she really suffered I cannot tell. Lady Mary long entertained hopes of her restoration; and when friends asked after her daughter, which they did often because it gratified her to know her darling was not forgotten, her usual reply was that she fancied she was a little clearer, a little brighter.

She had been in this state nearly seven years, when one Sunday morning—Easter-day morning it was—Lady Raymond was summoned from her pillow an hour before dawn, by a message from the old-fashioned house in the suburb. Through the still streets, ere the world was awake, she hurried; and when she entered the garden, where the first sun-rays were gleaming and the birds were all a-twitter, Lady Mary met her—met her almost cheerfully. "Too late! you are too late, love; she is gone. It has pleased the good God to take her," said she; then replying to a felt but unspoken inquiry, she added, "No; she did not know me—not even at the last. But she will know me in heaven, she will know me again in heaven!"

Sir Jasper Raymond died in the autumn of the same year as Sibyl, and then the gossips began to say again that Mr. Digby Stuart would marry the widow; but he did not. Why, remained still their secret. It was not until nearly ten years after the holy Easter morning when Death came with his merciful order of release to Sibyl, that they were privately married in London. They were then no longer young, but Jessie was always a sweet and loving

woman; they married as soon as he was free—free from *what* or from *whom* is matter of speculation to the general community of Hill-minster still. But Lady Anne Vernon, and one or two others of Mrs. Digby Stuart's nearest and dearest friends, know now that their long separation was due to an old, old folly of his boyhood, when he was deluded into a secret marriage in Paris with a beautiful white witch of a woman who shortly left him, and would afterwards neither live with him nor die to release him. She set up her tent in Rome, and held there a semi-vagabond court of all nations, maintained in part by his liberal allowance, but chiefly by the contributions levied on her train of Platonic admirers, artist folk, gamblers, and the like. She called herself by a picturesque title, and was eccentric rather than bad.

Julia Vernón married Mr. Danvers. She has no children of her own, but she is an excellent mother to his.

Isabel also married—well as to rank and fortune, very meanly as to mate. She also is childless, and on the face of her, she is an unhappy, dissatisfied woman, whom few persons love—she herself loving few or none.

The dean is dead, and Lady Anne lives with her sister Lady Mary, in the old-fashioned house in the suburb.

George Lansmere is lieutenant-colonel now by promotion won in the field of battle. He wears many decorations, amongst others the Cross of Valor, and a bit of glory in an ugly sword cut across the left cheek and temple. He is still a bachelor, and his own mother being long since dead, he calls Lady Mary "mother;" when he has a few days' leave to spare he goes *home* to her like a son.

This is all the end I have to tell to this story of a sorry jest played out in earnest.

The Many Mansions in the House of the Father, Scripturally Discussed and Practically Considered. By G. S. Faber, B. D. Brown & Co. Pp. 456.—This thick volume is inscribed to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and contains a prefatory memoir of the author by Francis A. Faber, B. D. The writer believes the heavenly bodies to be "The Many Mansions," and that Heaven will be the Earth renewed, and not a moral but a material heaven, as "after the Resurrection we shall exist in a solid material

body." He believes, moreover, that angels are like man, and are spirits combined with matter; and that "the Place" of what he calls "Penal Confinement" is in the bowels of the earth, while "the Intermediate State" (which he by no means confounds with Purgatory) "is immediately under the surface of the earth." In support of these and kindred views he brings erudition and scriptural and church authority, and he argues out his case very calmly.—*Reader.*

From The Richmond Inquirer, 12 June.

TWO YEARS HENCE.

IN two years, as many persons hope, we may possibly have peace—that is, always provided we continue to repulse and defeat the invading enemy. The Yankee "Democracy" is certainly rousing itself, and preparing for a new struggle (at the ballot-box) in the *great cause of the "spoils,"* or, as they call it, the cause of Constitutional Liberty. Those Democrats are evidently beginning to raise a *Peace platform for their next Presidential election*: and if they have the good luck to be helped on and sustained by more and more serious disasters of the Yankee army in the field, there is no doubt that the present devourers of the said spoils at Washington may soon be so discredited and decried that our enemy's country would be ripe for such peaceful ballot-box revolution.

It is sincerely to be hoped that those earnest champions of constitutional freedom will be helped on and sustained in the manner they require—namely, by continued and severe reverses in the field; and it is the first and most urgent duty of our countrymen so to help and sustain that Democratic party. It is nothing to us which of their factions may devour their "spoils;" just as little does it signify to us whether they recover or do not recover that constitutional liberty which they so wantonly threw away in the mad pursuit of Southern conquest and plunder. *But it is of the utmost importance to us to aid in stimulating disaffection among Yankees against their own Government, and in demoralizing and disintegrating society in that God-abandoned country.* We can do this only in one way—namely, by thrashing their armies and carrying the war to their own firesides. Then, indeed, conscientious constitutional principles will hold sway; peace platforms will look attractive; arbitrary arrests will become odious, and habeas corpus be quoted at a premium. This is the only way we can help them. *In this sense, and to this extent, those Democrats are truly our allies, and we shall endeavor to do our duty by them.*

But they evidently look for other and further help at our hands, and of quite a different sort. No doubt they are pleased for the present, with the efficient aid which the Confederate army is affording them. Chancellorsville was a God-send to them, and the tremendous repulse at Port Hudson is quite a

plank in their platform. Yet they understand very well that no matter how soundly their armies may be happily beaten; no matter how completely Lincoln's present war policy may be condemned by its results, yet all this will not be enough to enable the *unterrified Democracy to clutch the "spoils"*—or, as they phrase it, to restore the Constitution of their fathers. This, of itself would never give them a Peace-Democrat President and Cabinet; it would only result in another Abolitionist Administration, with a new Secretary of War, and a new Commander-in-Chief, and a slightly different programme for "crushing the rebellion." Those Black Republicans are in power; after long waiting, pining, intriguing in the cold shade of the opposition; and they have now the numerical preponderance so decidedly that they both can and will hold on to the office with a clutch like death. The Democrats can do absolutely nothing without "the South," as they persist in terming these Confederate States; and they cannot bring themselves to *admit the thought that we would refuse to unite with them (as alas! we used to do) in a grand Universal Presidential campaign, for a Democratic President, with a Peace platform, and the "Constitution as it is."* In fact, this whole two years' war, and the two years' more war which has yet to be gone through, is itself, in their eyes, only a Presidential campaign, only somewhat more vivacious than ordinary.

This explains the Vallandigham Peace Meetings in New York and New Jersey; and the "manly declarations" of Mr. Horatio Seymour and other patriots. "Do not let us forget," says Fernando Wood, writing to the Philadelphia meeting, "that those who perpetrate such outrages as the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham, do so as necessary war measures. Let us, therefore, strike at the cause, and declare for peace and against the war."

This would sound very well if the said "declaring for peace" could have any effect whatever in bringing about peace. If a man falling from a tower could arrest his fall by declaring against it, then the declarations of Democrats against the war might be of some avail. As it is, they resemble that emphatic pronouncement of Mr. Washington Hunt: "Let it be proclaimed upon the housetops, that no citizen of New York shall be arrested without process of law." There is no use in

hawling from the housetops what everybody knows to be nonsense. Or this resolution of the New Jersey meeting:—

Resolved, That in the illegal seizure and banishment of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, the laws of our country have been outraged, the name of the United States disgraced, and the rights of every citizen menaced, and that it is now the duty of a law respecting people to demand of the Administration that it at once and forever desist from such deeds of despotism and crime. [Enthusiasm.]

Demand, quotha? The starling that Mr. Sterne saw in the cage, said only "I can't get out." It would have been more "manly" to scream, "I demand to get out—I proclaim on the housetops that I will get out."

Another of the New Jersey resolutions throws an instructive light upon this whole movement, and its objects.

Resolved, That we renew our declaration of attachment to the Union, pledging to its friends, *wherever found*, our unwavering support, and to its enemies, in whatever guise, our undying hostility, and that, God willing, we will stand by the Constitution and laws of our country, and under their sacred shield will maintain and defend our liberty and rights, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." [Great cheering.]

This phrase, "wherever found," implies that there are friends of the Union in this Confederacy, and the resolution obligingly pledges to them the support of the New Jersey Democracy—not surely without an equivalent return.

To the same meeting, Gen. Fitz John Porter writes a letter, declaring, of course, for the Constitution and resistance to despotism, and ending thus:—

"The contest of arms, however, will not be required; the certain and peaceful remedy will be found in the ballot-box. Let us all possess our soul in patience. The remedy is ours."

Gen. Fitz John knows well that the remedy is not theirs, unless "the South" consent to throw its votes into that same ballot-box; and it is for this, and this only, that the Democratic hook is baited with "Peace." But in a speech of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, before a Democratic Club of Philadelphia (which we find printed in *The Sentinel*), is a passage more fully expounding the Democratic plan than any other we have seen. He says:—

"Subjugation or annihilation being alike impossible, I am in favor of an immediate cessation of hostilities, for an armistice,—that 'mid the lull of the strife the heat of passion shall have time to cool, and the calm, majestic voice of reason can be heard. In the midst of such a calm I am for endeavoring to learn from those in arms against us what their demands may be, and inviting their co-operation in the name of a common Christianity, in the name of a common humanity, to some plan of reconciliation or reconstruction by which the sections may unite upon a more stable basis—a plan in which the questions upon which we have differed so long may be harmoniously adjusted; and each section, by virtue of the greatness developed in this war, may profit by the experience. If it shall be found that sectional opinions and prejudices are too obstinate, and the exasperations of this war have burnt too deep to settle it upon the basis of reconciliation or reconstruction, then I know that separation and reconstruction are inevitable."

Here is the whole plan: an armistice, and then "inviting our co-operation." During that armistice they hope that the "calm, majestic voice of reason" and a "common Christianity" might do something considerable. The game, as they calculate, would then be on the board, with stakes so tempting! Mr. Wall would endeavor "to learn from us what our demands are."

Anything in reason he would be prepared to grant us: but if we replied, our demands are, that you bring away your troops from every inch of our soil, that you leave the Border States free to decide on their own destiny, that you evacuate all our forts and towns which you now hold, and make us rid of you and the whole breed of you forever, then Mr. Wall would exclaim, What, do you call that the calm, majestic voice of reason? is that your common Christianity? He would say, *when I spoke of the calm majestic, etc., I meant the spoils; when I said a common Christianity, I meant money.* Let us talk rationally—how much common Christianity will you take?

In vain is a net spread in the sight of any bird. We are 'ware of them; and we will watch them well, and the friends of the Union, "wheresoever found." *Our views go a little further than theirs—we hope to so disorganize and disintegrate society in their country that they will rush into armed revolution and anarchy. We spit upon their ballot-box.*

We care not what they "demand" in resolutions, nor what helpless trash they proclaim on the housetops. We do not believe in their power to attain so much as an armistice for two years to come. If an armistice, indeed, were offered, and the invading troops were withdrawn, of course we should not object to it, and good use could be made of it.

But, mark well, *ye armistice mongers*! During that suspension of hostilities all negotiations must be between government and government. Our lines should be more strictly guarded than ever. No negotiations or fraternization of parties by public meetings or private conferences; *no bargaining with the calm voice of reason; no secret pocketing of Wall's "Common Christianity."*

But armistice there will be none, and we are glad of it. Our sovereign independence is already won and paid for with treasures of brave blood. *It shall not be sold by pedlers, to be built into a Yankee platform.*

From The Athenaeum.

Songs in the Night. A Collection of verses by the late Grace Dickinson. Wertheim & Co.

THESE are songs in the night in sad verity! sung by a poor bed-ridden woman in a union workhouse. The description of the circumstances under which they were sung is touching indeed—one of those pathetic facts of life which beat the best fictions of literature. Grace Dickinson became an inmate of the Halifax workhouse in consequence of being in a decline; and it was there she wrote this collection of verse. At first she jotted her thoughts down on a slate—later she was unable to do this; but curiously enough she had learnt the deaf and dumb alphabet on purpose to converse with a poor deaf and dumb workhouse companion, and when she could not sit up in bed to hold her pencil, she dictated her verses to her mute amanuensis. Books have been composed under many singular conditions, but these we look upon as among the most singular and interesting. The chaplain of the Halifax union workhouse vouches for the verses being a genuine expression of the writer's religious feelings, and as such they give us one more proof that many and many a jewel of God gets trampled

and darkened in the mire of this world that shall one day shine very brightly in its heavenly setting. They also suggest the thought that men in the position of workhouse chaplains may do a world of good and be great comforters to suffering souls who are let out of life by that grimmeest door of death, the pauper's grave. Blessings be upon all who in this way are true to the Master's word! Several of the pieces in this little book may fairly claim a place in collections of hymns, as the following characteristic specimen will show:—

"My lot on earth is poor and mean,
My circumstances sad indeed;
But Jesus cheers the dreary scene:
He meets me in my greatest need.

"He smiles on me though some may turn,
He pities failings none can see;
He welcomes me, whoe'er may spurn:
How kind my Jesus is to me!

"He comforts and he succors me;
He teaches me to look above,
Beyond this life and its rough sea,
To yonder land of rest and love.

"He hushes all my passions still,
He makes the storm become a calm,
Brings sweet submission to his will,
And holds me with his mighty arm.

"He makes the curse a blessing prove;
He turns my sorrow into joy;
He teaches this hard heart to love,
And make His praises my employ.

"He turns my darkness into light,
He makes this earth become a heaven;
Gives inward peace 'midst outward fright:
All glory to His name be given."

The piety is better than the poetry—such is often the case with hymns; and, apart from the literary estimate, the little book deserved publication for the facts which it contains. There must be many kind hearts that will be touched by the story to put forth a helping hand; for it appears that when poor Grace Dickinson fell worn out at the workhouse-door she had with her a burden of two children. These she had toiled hard for during eighteen months of widowhood, and failed at last. These are still living in the workhouse. The book is printed in their behalf; and the dying mother would undoubtedly have thought her verses had won ample fame if she had known that they would be of service to her little ones, as we trust they may be.

SPRING AT THE CAPITAL.

The poplar drops beside the way
Its tasselled plumes of silver-gray;
The chestnut pouts its great brown buds, impatient
for the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall;
The hyacinths grow fair and tall;
And mellow sun and pleasant wind and odorous
bees are over all.

Down-looking in this snow-white bud,
How distant seems the war's red flood!
How far remote the streaming wounds, the sick-
ening scent of human blood!

For Nature does not recognize
This strife that rends the earth and skies;
No war-dreams vex the winter sleep of clover-
heads and daisy-eyes.

She holds her even way the same,
Though navies sink or cities flame;
A snow-drop is a snow-drop still, despite the na-
tion's joy or shame.

When blood her grassy altar wets,
She sends the pitying violets
To heal the outrage with their bloom, and cover
it with soft regrets.

O crocuses with rain-wet eyes!
O tender-lipped anemones!
What do ye know of agony and death and blood-
won victories?

No shudder breaks your sunshine trance,
Though near you rolls, with slow advance,
Clouding your shining leaves with dust, the an-
guish-laden ambulance.

Yonder a white encampment hums;
The clash of martial music comes;
And now your startled stems are all a-tremble
with the jar of drums.

Whether it lessen or increase,
Or whether trumpets shout or cease,
Still deep within your tranquil hearts the happy
bees are murmuring "Peace!"

O flowers! the soul that faints or grieves
New comfort from your lips receives;
Sweet confidence and patient faith are hidden in
your healing leaves.

Help us to trust, still on and on,
That this dark night will soon be gone,
And that these battle-stains are but the blood-red
trouble of the dawn—

Dawn of a broader, whiter day
Than ever blessed us with its ray—
A dawn beneath whose purer light all guilt and
wrong shall fade away.

Then shall our nation break its bands,
And, silencing the envious lands,
Stand in the searching light unshamed, with
spotless robe, and clean, white hands.

—Atlantic Monthly.

"OUT IN THE COLD."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHAT is the threat! "Leave her out in the cold?"
Loyal New England, too loyally bold:
Hater of treason!—ah, that is her crime;
Lover of freedom, too true for her time.

Out in the cold? oh, she chooses the place,
Rather than share in a sheltered disgrace,
Rather than sit at a cannibal feast,
Rather than mate with the blood-reeking beast.

Leave out New England? and what will she do,
Stormy-browed sisters, forsaken by you?
Sit on her Rock, her desertion to weep?
Or, like a Sappho, plunge thence in the deep?

No; our New England can put on no airs;
Nothing will change the calm look that she wears.
Life's a rough lesson, she learned from the first,
Up into wisdom through poverty nursed.

Not more distinct on his tables of stone
Was the grand writing to Moses made known,
Than is engraven in letters of light
On her foundations the One Law of Right.

She is a Christian; she smothers her ire,
Trims up the candle, and stirs the home fire,
Thinking and working and waiting the day
When her wild sisters shall leave their mad play.

Out in the cold, where the free winds are blowing,
Out in the cold, where the strong oaks are grow-
ing,

Guards she all growths that are living and great;
Growths to rebuild every tottering State.

"Notions" worth heeding to shape she has
wrought,

Lifted and fixed on the granite of thought;
What she has done may the wide world behold;
What she is doing, too, out in the cold.

Out in the cold! she is glad to be there,
Breathing the northwind, the clear healthful air,
Saved from the hurricane passions that rend
Hearts that once named her a sister and friend.

There she will stay while they bluster and foam,
Planning their comfort when they shall come home,
Building the Union an adamant wall,
Freedom-cemented, that never can fall.

Freedom, dear-bought with the blood of her sons;
See the red current! right nobly it runs!
Life of her life is not too much to give
For the dear nation she taught how to live.

Vainly they shout to you, sturdy Northwest;
'Tis her own heart that beats warm in your breast;
Sisters in nature as well as in name,
Sisters in loyalty, true to that claim.

Freedom your breath is, O broad-shouldered North!
Turn from the subtle miasma gone forth
Out of the South land, from Slavery's fen,
Battening demons, but poisoning men.

Still on your Rock, my New England, sit sure,
Keeping the air for the great country pure.
There you the "wayward" ones yet shall enfold;
There they will come to you out in the cold.

—Taunton Gazette.